

# FISHER'S HISTORY OF BOXING

WITH THE ODDS OF 4 TO 1 AGAINST HIM BRADDOCK BEAT PETE LATZO SO BADLY THAT PETE WAS OUT OF BOXING FOR SOME TIME.

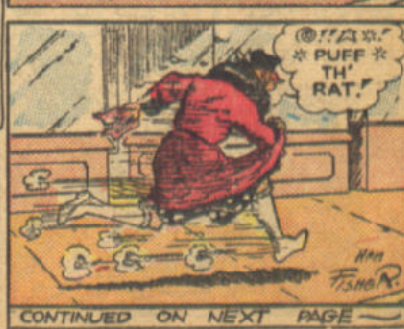
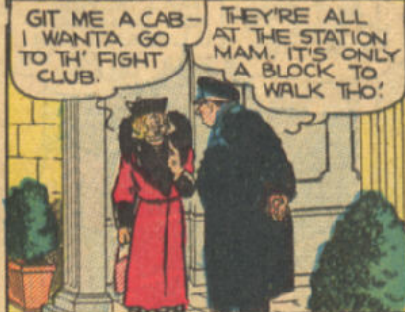


A WEEK BEFORE HIS FIGHT WITH THE SENSATIONAL TUFFY GRIFFITHS, BRADDOCK SPRAINED HIS ANKLE. IT LOOKED A CINCH FOR GRIFFITHS--



## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



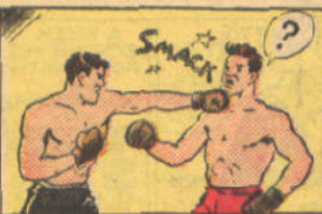


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# FISHER'S HISTORY OF BOXING

WITH THE  
ODDS OF  
7 TO 1  
AGAINST  
HIM,  
BRADDOCK  
FACED  
THE GREAT  
TUFFY  
GRIFFITHS--  
WHO THOUGHT  
JIM A  
SET-UP--



BUT A STIFF LEFT SENT  
TUFFY BACK ON HIS HEELS-

THEN BRADDOCK  
HAMMERED  
THE WESTERNER  
WITH RIGHTS  
AND LEFTS--  
WHAM!! A  
RIGHT TO THE  
JAW PUT  
GRIFFITHS ON  
THE CANVAS,  
AND THE REF-  
EREE STOPPED  
IT--

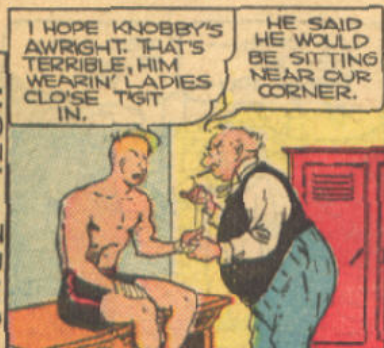


I PUT  
MINE  
ON  
BRAD-  
DOCK.

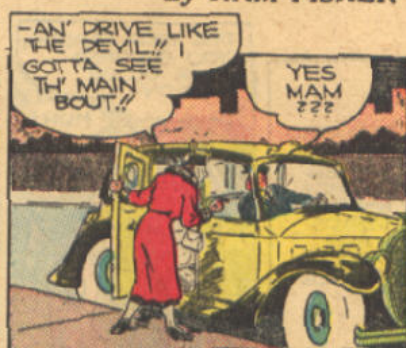
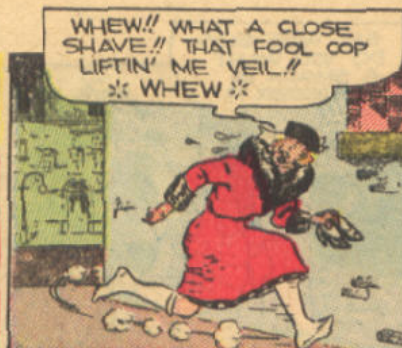
# JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER

CONTINUED



HE SAID  
HE WOULD  
BE SITTING  
NEAR OUR  
CORNER.



YES  
MAM  
222



1--1--  
BEG YOUR  
PARDON  
LADY---  
???



HE'LL NEVER  
GET IN HERE--  
I'LL CHUCK HIM  
OUT ON HIS  
HEAD!!



WHAT  
WAS  
THAT  
??

OH--  
SOME--  
BODY  
GIVIN' A  
FIGHTER  
THE  
BERRIES



NO-I LOVE 'EM.  
I MEAN MY  
HUSBAND SMOKES  
THEM-DON'T  
MIND ME,



HE SAID  
YOUSE  
SHOULD  
WATCH  
IM FER  
SIGNALS

LADIES  
AND  
GENTLE...



TELL JOE T'MOVE  
AROUND MORE--  
TELL 'IM T'KEEP  
HIS LEFT HIGHER,  
NO MIXIN'



NO THANKS-

WHY DON'T  
HE KEEP  
MOVIN'  
FASTER!!



OH YEA-H-H-  
WHY DIDN'T  
HE BRING A  
HOOK OVER-  
TH' SAP--  
WIDE OPEN!!



RT- LISSEN SAP,  
THAT ROUND  
WAS PUNK!!  
TELL YIM T'MOVE  
THEM DOGS!  
G'WAN!!

CONTINUED

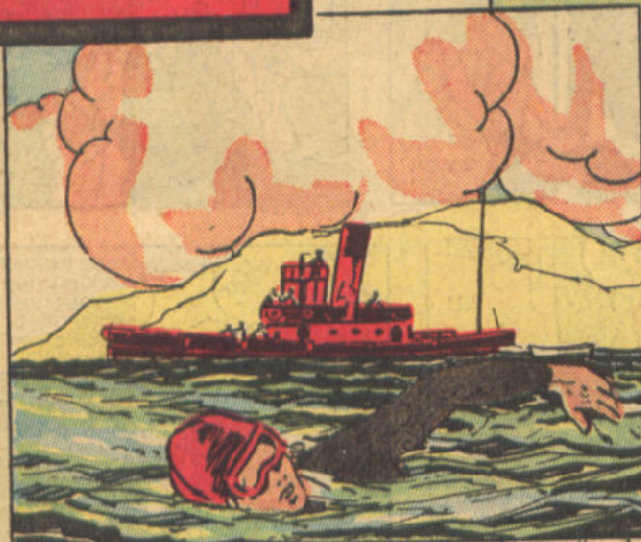
**Follow Joe Palooka in the April issue—On sale March 2nd**



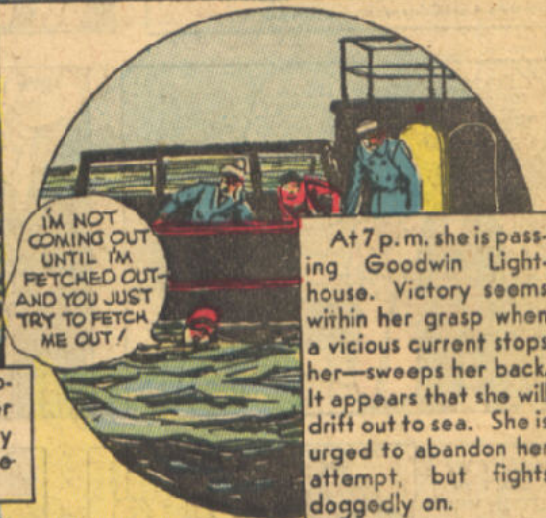
# THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About  
Gertrude  
Ederle's  
Conquest of  
the English  
Channel

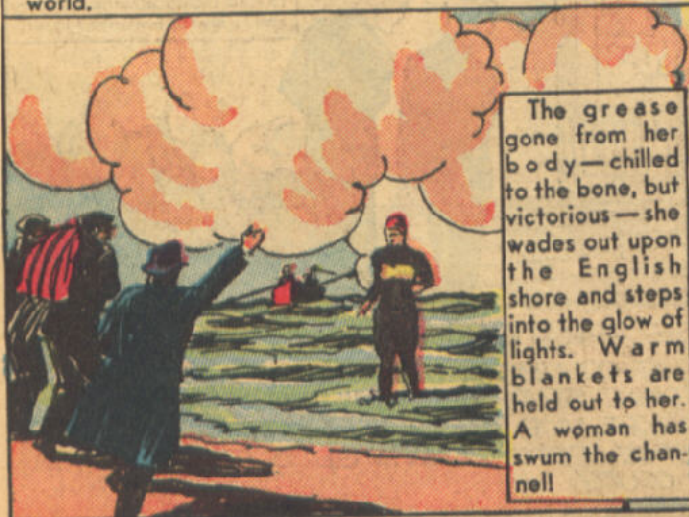
On Aug. 6, 1926, a 19-year-old American girl announces she is about to attempt the man-killing 20-mile swim from Cape Gris Nez, France, across the English channel to England. Now her body is greased heavily with olive oil, petroleum jelly, lard and other greases to keep it from absorbing water.



Miles out—her powerful stroke is serving her well—photographers and movie cameramen take pictures of her greased body as it glides, gleaming, through the cold gray waters. Reporters wait to flash news of her great feat to the world.



At 7 p.m. she is passing Goodwin Lighthouse. Victory seems within her grasp when a vicious current stops her—sweeps her back. It appears that she will drift out to sea. She is urged to abandon her attempt, but fights doggedly on.



The grease gone from her body—chilled to the bone, but victorious—she wades out upon the English shore and steps into the glow of lights. Warm blankets are held out to her. A woman has swum the channel.

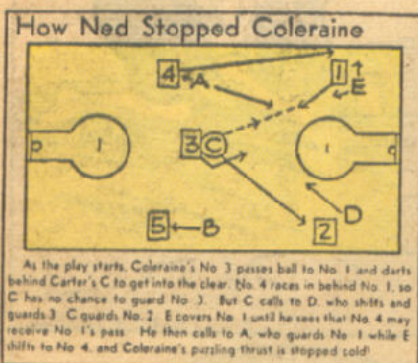


Honored for her tremendous feat in England, Germany and in America, Gertrude Ederle now lives quietly in New York City.



# NED BRANT By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY S. W. DEFEW



PHI  
BETA  
DELTA

## — COLLEGE FRATERNITIES —

FOUNDED AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY APRIL 4, 1912 BY EIGHT STUDENTS. EMINENT ALUMNI---  
LOUIS B. MAYER, VICE PRES. OF M-G-M PICTURES CORP., JUSTICE LEOPOLD CALVIN GLASS, PENNSYLVANIA SUPREME COURT.



# NED BRANT By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. DEFEW



LOSING A BALL GAME IS NO DISGRACE, BUT DON'T LET IT EVER BE SAID THAT A CARTER TEAM DOESN'T FIGHT! WE'RE GOING OUT THERE THIS HALF AND WIN OR LOSE, GIVE 'EM A BATTLE!



LISTEN GANG - WE'RE GOING TO KEEP STATE BUSIER THAN A TATTOO ARTIST WHEN THE FLEETS IN!

LET'S WIN A GAME FOR RED LIGHT, BOYS!



CARTER, WEAKENED BY THE LOSS OF RED LIGHT, IS READY FOR THE FINAL HALF - THE BALL GOES UP - STATE GETS THE TIP - BLUDGEON BREAKS UP THE PLAY - IT'S A FOUR-MAN RUSH BY CARTER - THEY'RE CLOSING IN - THEY SCORE!



NICE SHOT, BIG BOY!

LET'S GET SOME MORE!



BOY! NOW THIS CARTER TEAM IS FIGHTING! BLUDGEON TAKES THE TIP - IT GOES TO ENNIS - TO WALSH - BACK TO BLUDGEON - TO HOLSTROM - THEY SCORE AGAIN!



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF TAKING TIME OUT?

TO BREAK CARTER'S STRIDE - THEY'RE GOING THROUGH US LIKE A COUGH THROUGH A CONCERT HALL!



ONLY A MINUTE LEFT! HEY! BLUDGEON'S REELING! WHAT HIT HIM?

LOOKS LIKE HE'S EXHAUSTED - SO ARE THE OTHERS - IN YOU GO STOUT, MICKEL, OLDHAM, WARD, STARK!

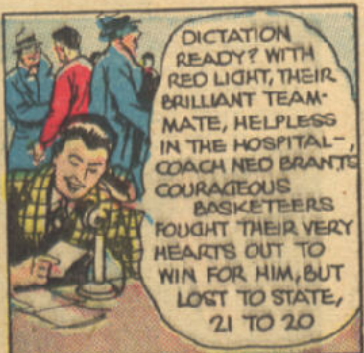


I GOTTA - GO BACK - IN - COACH - THOSE - GUYS - CAN'T BEAT US!

SIT DOWN - CARTER ISN'T AN ATHLETIC MILL THAT TURNS OUT NOTHING BUT VICTORIES



THE TIMER HAS HIS PISTOL OUT - THERE IT GOES! THE GAME'S OVER AND HERE'S SOMETHING NEW - THE CROWD IS CHEERING THE LOSING TEAM, THE GAMEST I EVER SAW - CARTER COLLEGE!



DICTATION READY? WITH RED LIGHT, THEIR BRILLIANT TEAM-MATE, HELPLESS IN THE HOSPITAL - COACH NED BRANTE COURAGEOUS BASKETEERS FOUGHT THEIR VERY HEARTS OUT TO WIN FOR HIM, BUT LOST TO STATE, 21 TO 20



WILL RED BE ABLE TO PLAY IN THE GAME AGAINST BRULE, NED?

I DOUBT IT, FAY, AND IF HE ISN'T, CARTER MIGHT JUST AS WELL KISS THE CONFERENCE TITLE GOODBYE!



SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

— COLLEGE FRATERNITIES —  
FOUNDED MARCH 9, 1856 AT ALABAMA UNIVERSITY BY EIGHT STUDENTS. EMINENT ALUMNI -- JACK HOLT AND CONRAD NAGEL, MOVIE ACTORS, ROBERT TYRE JONES, GOLFER, RUDY VALLEE, FED. JUDGE ARTHUR J. TUTTLE, MICHIGAN.



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY S. W. DREW

NOW THAT RED'S GETTING ALONG, SHOTGUN, I WANT TO SEE THAT HIGH SCHOOL GAME - SOME GREAT KIDS -

I GET IT, NED - YOU WANT TO SIT QUIETLY AND WATCH - WELL, SLIP ON THESE DARK GLASSES

TWO, PLEASE

WE WON'T SIT TOGETHER - I'LL TELL EVERYONE YOU'RE HOME IN BED

SEE THAT FELLOW WITH THE DARK GLASSES? IT'S NED BRANT IN DISGUISE!

IT IS? C'MON, GIRLS!

COACH BRANT - WILL YOU AUTOGRAPH THIS FOR ME?

MAY I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH, TOO, COACH?

COACH BRANT? AUTOGRAPH? BUT - AREN'T YOU MISTAKEN?

OH NO - SHOTGUN SHELTON TOLD US IT WAS YOU

SHOT - WELL I'LL BE - !

THAT'S BRANT OVER THERE WHERE THE CROWD IS COLLECTING

LET'S ANKLE OVER, GIRLS!

WE'D BETTER GET BACK HERE SO WE WON'T BLOCK PEOPLE'S VIEW

LISTEN, YOU BIG STRONG MAN - WILL YOU AUTOGRAPH THIS BLANK CHECK FOR ME?

HEY - I'VE JUST GOT TIME TO CATCH THE TRAIN, NED!

YOU'RE GOING TO CATCH SOMETHING ELSE FIRST!

IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO LEAVE TOWN, I'D SPEND THE REST OF THE NIGHT HAMMERING ON YOUR RIBS!

IF YOU RUIN ME SO I CAN'T SCOUT THEM - AND WERE STILL WITHOUT RED LIGHT - YOU'LL BE HANDING BRULE THE CONFERENCE TITLE!

REMEMBER, I'M ESPECIALLY INTERESTED IN PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE BRULE PLAYERS!

I'LL BRING BACK EVERYTHING BUT THEIR REACTION TO A SCREAM IN THE ALLEY AT MIDNIGHT!



PHI MU DELTA

— COLLEGE FRATERNITIES —  
FOUNDED MARCH, 1913 -- GROWING OUT OF THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION OF COMMON CLUBS. MOTHER CHAPTERS WERE THOSE AT CONNECTICUT AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE AND NEW HAMPSHIRE AND VERMONT STATE UNIVERSITIES.



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY J. W. DEFEW

BRULE IS PILING UP A LEAD, COACH

AFTER WHAT YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH—A PULSE OF A MACHINE GUN AND A TEMPERATURE OF A HOT TAMALE, YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE ON THE BENCH, RED!



THAT CARTER TEAM DOESN'T LOOK RIGHT TO ME!

BRULE	POSITION	CARTER
Phillips	FORWARD	15
10 Dilinsky	FORWARD	11
6 Ross	CENTER	Bill
21 Snyder	GUARD	Holstrom
19 Lowe	GUARD	Zech 26

DO YOU SUPPOSE COACH BRANT WILL SEND IN RED LIGHT TO SAVE HIS TEAM FROM A BEATING?



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## — COLLEGE FRATERNITIES —



KAPPA SIGMA

FOUNDED AT UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, DECEMBER 10, 1869, BY FIVE YOUNG MEN THERE. EMINENT ALUMNI--- LOWELL THOMAS, EXPLORER, GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, AUTHOR, BENJAMIN C. DEY, LAWYER.



# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS by JOHN HIX

## THE "TOY WAR"

A "SPORTING CHANCE" OF WINNING FREEDOM FROM SACRIFICE BY AZTEC PRIESTS WAS GIVEN CAPTURED TLASCALAN WARRIORS OF MEXICO... USING ONLY TOY SWORDS AND SHIELDS, THEY FOUGHT FOR LIBERTY OR DEATH AGAINST FULLY ARMED AZTECS!

THE SERIO-COMIC COMBAT CLIMAXED AN ANNUAL, ONE-DAY WAR BETWEEN THE PEOPLES TO SECURE HUMAN SACRIFICES!



## MONSTER OF FLIGHT...

THE PREHISTORIC PTERANODON HAD A WING SPREAD OF 21 FEET AND WAS EQUIPPED WITH A RUDDER ON ITS HEAD...

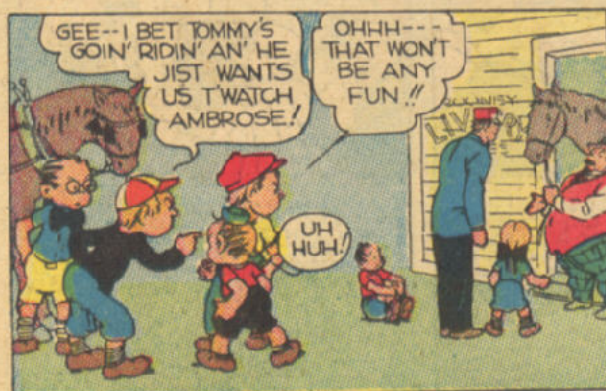
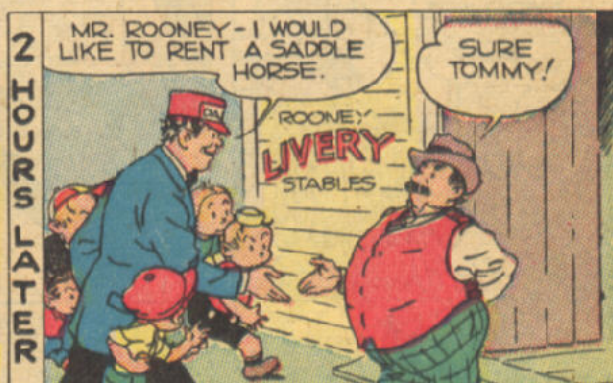


A BUNGALOW WAS ORIGINALLY A "BENGAL HUT" (From the Hindu, "BANGLA.")



CAPT. ERNST LEHMANN, COMMANDER OF THE "HINDENBERG," HAS FLOWN IN OVER 100 DIFFERENT ZEPPELINS, MAKING MORE THAN 1500 FLIGHTS



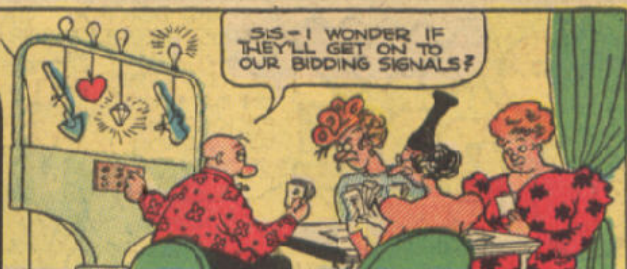




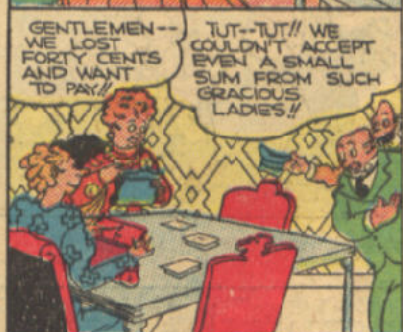
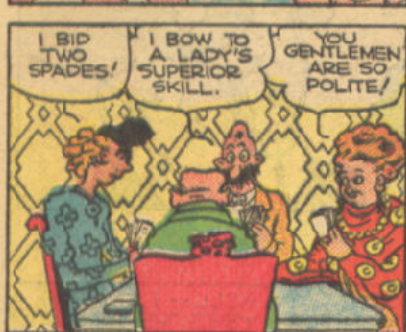
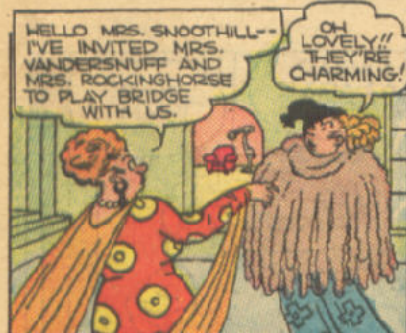
# LALA PALOOZA

Registered U. S. Patent Office

BY RUBE GOLDBERG



## LALA PALOOZA BY RUBE GOLDBERG





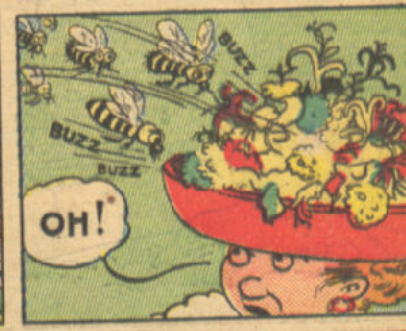
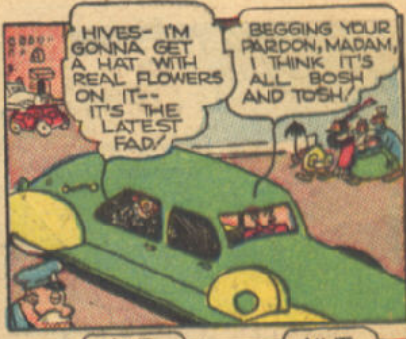
# Lala Palooza

Registered U.S. Patent Office

THANKS VINCENT,  
FOR RIGGING UP  
THIS ARRANGEMENT  
TO KEEP THE  
FLOWERS  
FRESH!

I BROUGHT  
ALONG A  
PAIR OF  
CLIPPERS  
IN CASE  
THEY NEED  
PRUNING!!

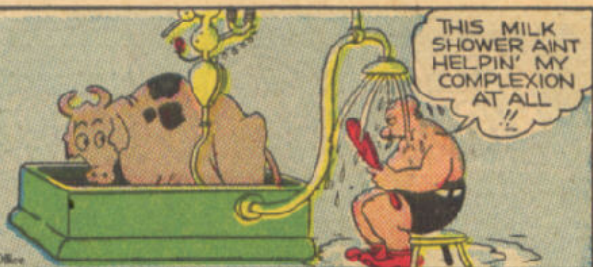
LALA PALOOZA BY RUBE GOLDBERG



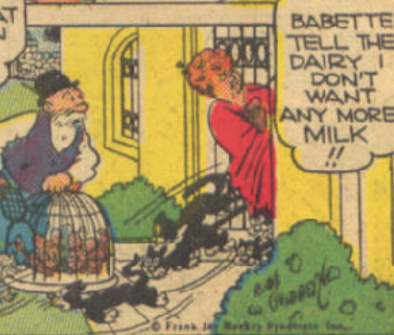
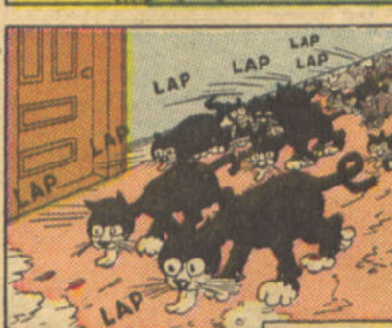
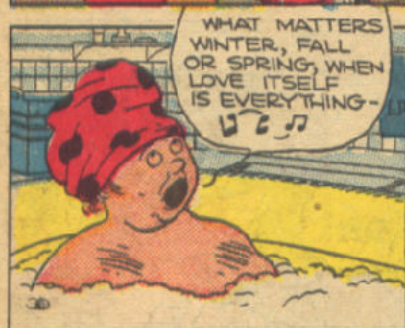
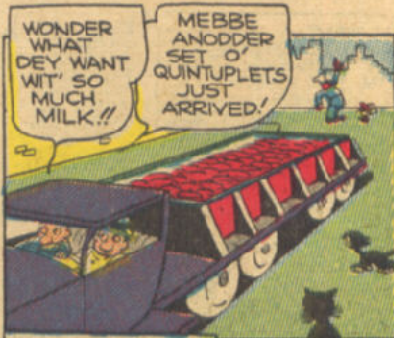


# LALA PALOOZA

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## LALA PALOOZA BY RUBE GOLDBERG



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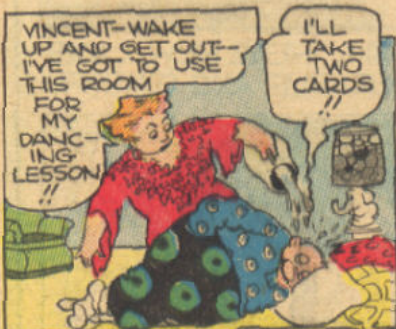
# LALA PALOOZA

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LALA TOLD ME TO GET AN ALARM CLOCK SO I GOT ONE WITH A RUBBER BELL THAT WON'T DISTURB MY SLEEP!!



## LALA PALOOZA BY RUBE GOLDBERG



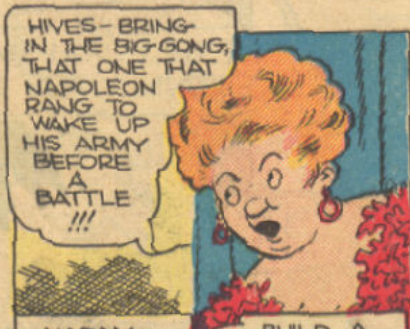
VINCENT--WAKE UP AND GET OUT-- I'VE GOT TO USE THIS ROOM FOR MY DANCING LESSON!!

I'LL TAKE TWO CARDS!!



MADAM--I'M AFRAID IT'S NO USE--MY ARM IS WORN OUT!!

TELL ARISTOPOLIS TO BRING SOME KINDLING WOOD!!



HIVES--BRING IN THE BIG-GONG, THAT ONE THAT NAPOLEON RANG TO WAKE UP HIS ARMY BEFORE A BATTLE!!!

MADAM--YOU WANT FROM KINDLINGS??

BUILD A FIRE UNDER VINCENT'S FEET PLEASE--



THAT OUGHT TO WAKE HIM UP!!

BONG



I NO UNDERSTAND-- IF YOU WANT FOR TO COOK FEET, WHY NOT BETTER COOK FINE, DILUCIUS PIG'S FEET?

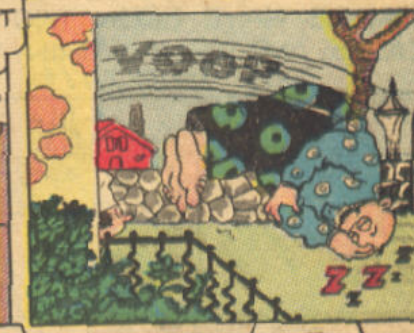


OW!! HIS SOCKS ARE BURNED OFF AND HE'S STILL ASLEEP!

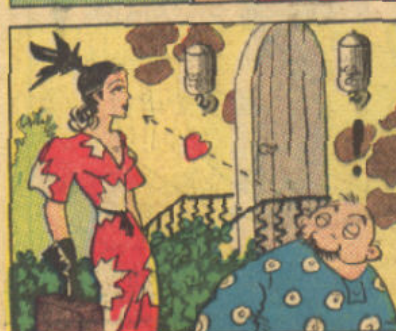


BOYS-- I GUESS YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO THROW HIM OUT!!

WHY DIDN'T WE DO THAT AT FIRST?



VOOP



I'M THE NEW DANCING TEACHER-- DO YOU KNOW WHO SENT FOR ME?

WHY-- ER-- ME!!



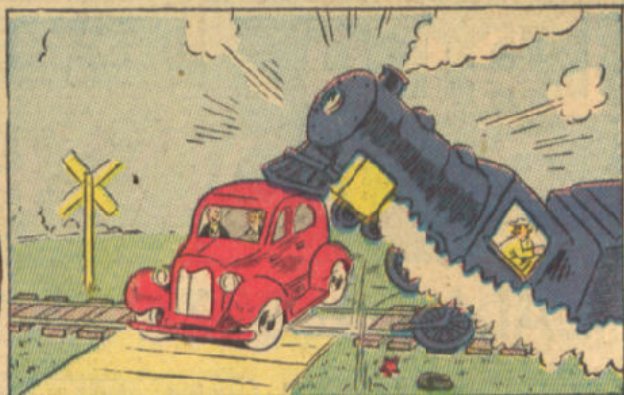
ONE-- TWO-- ONE-- TWO--

More of Lala Palooza in the April issue of FEATURE FUNNIES--On sale March 2nd

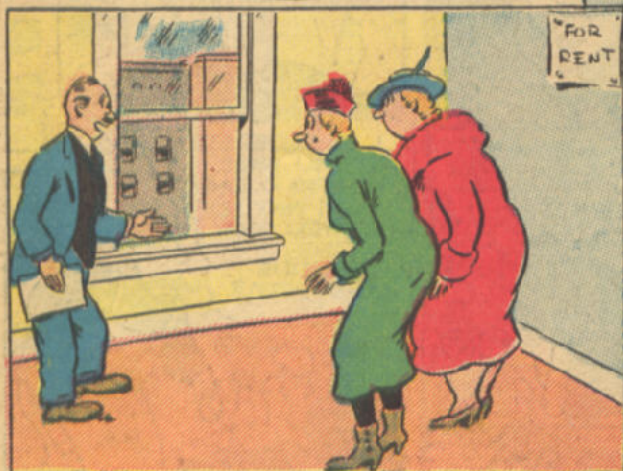


# OFF THE RECORD

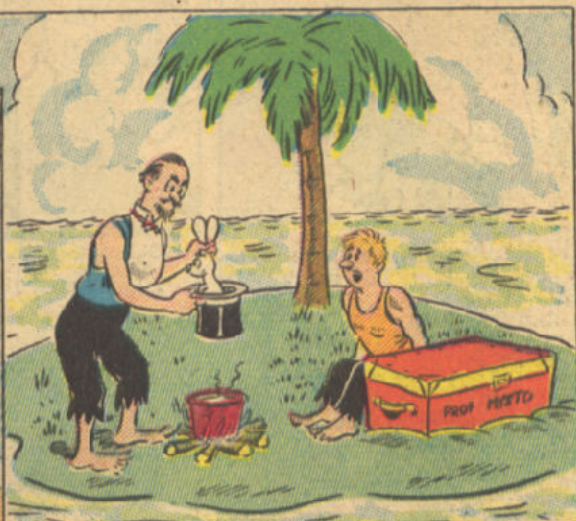
by  
Ed. Reed



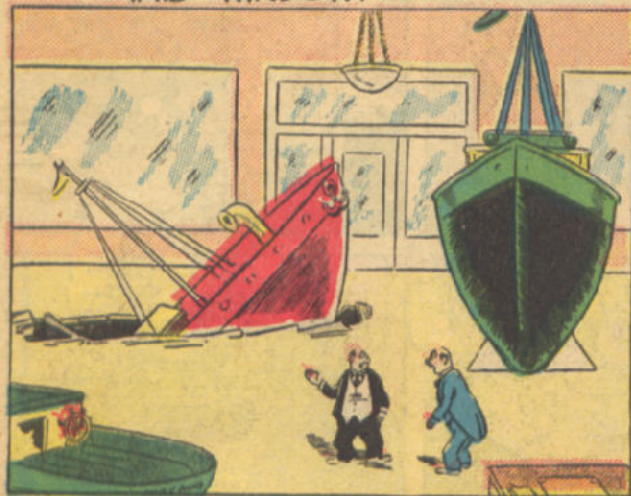
"I TELL YOU SMITH, THESE NEW CARS CERTAINLY ARE DURABLE AND POWERFUL"



"THERE HAVE BEEN TWO DIVORCE CASES, AND RIGHT WITHIN VIEW OF THIS WINDOW!"



"PROFESSOR, I'M GETTING TIRED OF NOTHING BUT RABBIT STEW!"



IT SANK!!

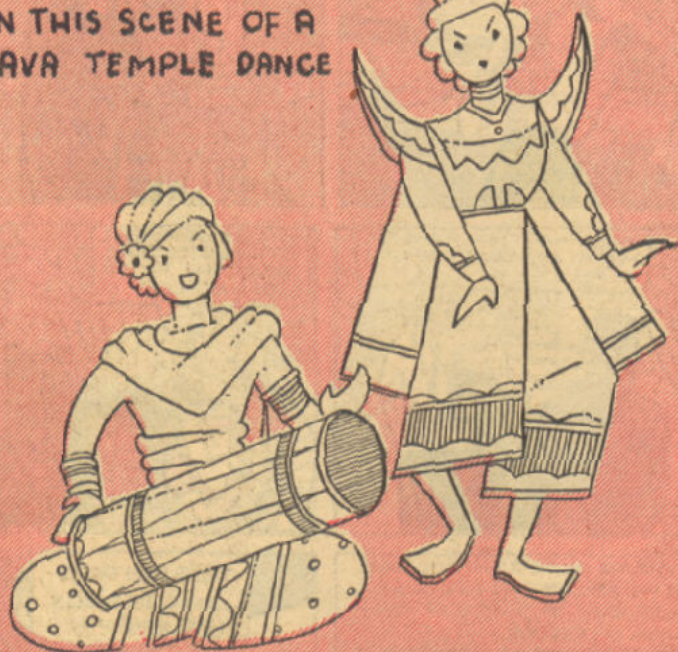




# PUZZLE PHUN

## THE - COLOR TWINS.

ALL THE COLOR OF THE ORIENT IS DEPICTED IN THIS SCENE OF A JAVA TEMPLE DANCE



## MORE PHUN WITH ~

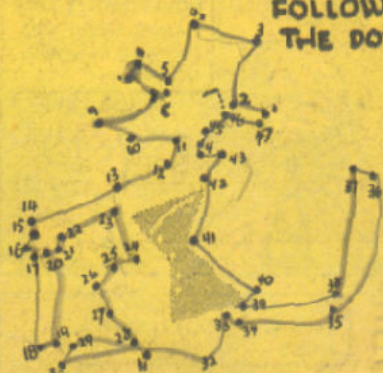


## SHADO-GRAPHS.



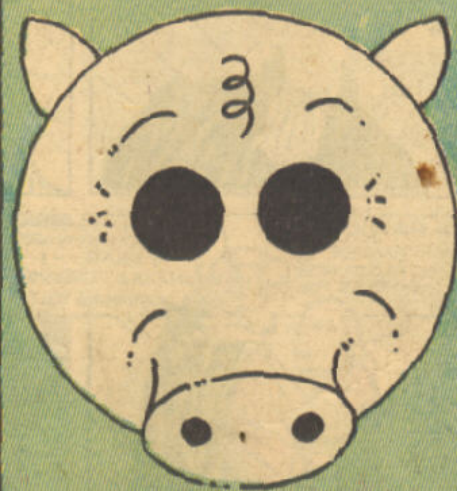
CAN YOU ASSEMBLE THESE FOUR PIECES TO FORM THE LETTER T?

THE THREE CATS ARE EXCITED AT A PROSPECTIVE MEAL - JUST FOLLOW THE DOTS.



## PARTY PHUN

TO MAKE THIS PIG MASK - USE A LARGE PAPER BAG TO FIT OVER YOUR HEAD WHEN OPENED. DRAW THE PIGS HEAD AND COLOR IT. CUT THE HOLES FOR THE EYES. AND YOU HAVE A SWELL PARTY MASK.





# HAWKS OF THE SEAS BY Willis Revere

THE HAWK IS DISCOVERED BY THE MUTINEERS WHEN HIS SLEEVE ROLLS UP AND REVEALS A TATTOOED SYMBOL ON HIS WRIST--A BROKEN CHAIN CIRCLING A RED "H".

IN THE STRUGGLE THAT ENSUES, THE SLEEVE CUFF ON THE WRIST OF THE STRANGE DOCTOR ROLLS BACK AND A TATTOOED EMBLEM IS REVEALED TO THE SAILORS' EYES.....



WITH A CRY OF FEAR, THE MUTINEER DROPS HIS KNIFE AND LEAPS BACK--

--TH--THE HAWK!!  
LOR' 'AVE MERCY ON ME--  
I DIDN'T KNOW--



STOP YOUR WHIMPERING -- MY ONLY INTEREST IS TO GET TO INAGUA AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE-- GET ABOUT YOUR DUTIES, I'LL TAKE CHARGE HERE--



RETURN YOUR DRUNKEN CAPTAIN TO HIS OWN CABIN AND CONTINUE AS BEFORE--THE FIRST MATE WILL TAKE HIS PLACE--WE MUST GET TO INAGUA AS

QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE--  
ABOVE ALL, LET NO ONE  
KNOW WHO I AM--I WILL BE IN  
MY CABIN IF YOU WANT ME



Y--YES-- AND OUR PLANS FOR MUTINY ARE DONE WITH--WE'LL BE PEACEFUL--



--OH, DOCTOR--HAS THE MUTINY CEASED ABOVE DECKS? HAVE THE MEN BEEN SUBDUED??



YES, ALL IS WELL AGAIN-- THE CAPTAIN WAS A BIT DRUNK--

--YOU-- YOU LOOK VERY FAMILIAR IN THIS LIGHT-- I AM NOW POSITIVE THAT I HAVE SEEN YOU BEFORE -- YOUR VOICE --



YES--YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT, YOU HAVE SEEN ME BEFORE--I--I CAN NO LONGER KEEP UP THIS DECEPTION-- PERHAPS IF I REMOVE --



THESE SPECTACLES-- WHICH ARE REALLY USELESS--



AND THIS MUSTACHE AND WIG WHICH I DON'T NEED--



THE HAWK!--I--I-- THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE ALIVE--HOW CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME?

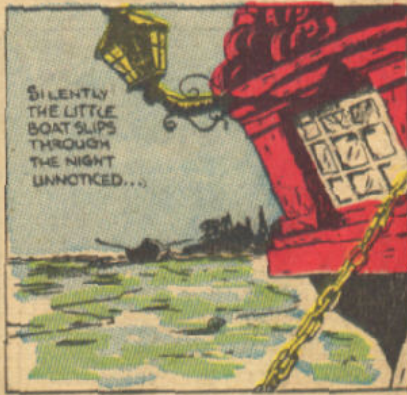
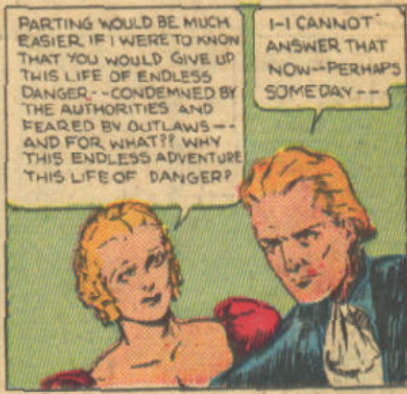
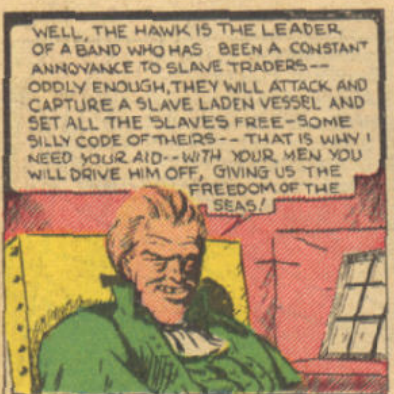
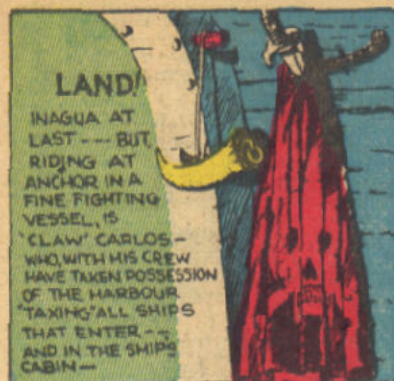


--WITH YOU IN MY ARMS, MY DEAR--I COULD FORGIVE ANYTHING YOU DID

LAND HO!!  
ALL HANDS ON DECK LOOK ALIVE THERE, LADS











--YOU HAVE A MISSION TO FULFILL--BRING YOUR RUBY BACK TO YOUR KING AS HE COMMISSIONED YOU-- I WILL RETURN TO MY PURPOSE-- PERHAPS SOMEDAY WE WILL MEET AGAIN--

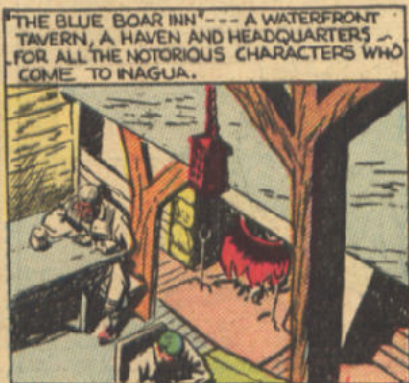
I'M SURE WE WILL ADIEU!



ADIEU--SHE'S GONE--LIKE A PLEASANT DREAM--YES, WE'LL MEET AGAIN--I'M SURE OF IT NOW--AND WHO KNOWS THINGS MAY BE VERY DIFFERENT.



---BUT FOR THE PRESENT I HAVE WORK TO DO---CLAW CARLOS AND I HAVE A LITTLE MATTER TO SETTLE BETWEEN US.



THE BLUE BOAR INN---A WATERFRONT TAVERN, A HAVEN AND HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL THE NOTORIOUS CHARACTERS WHO COME TO INAGUA.



UNNOTICED BY THE CROWD, THE HAWK ENTERS THE INN, AND MAKES HIS WAY TO A SEAT.



GET ME SOME WARM FOOD, AND A POT OF HOT ALE

AY, SIR, THAT I WILL



AY, ME HEARTY--I HEARD IT ALL---CARLOS, WAS TALKIN' TO MORGAN, THE SLAVE TRADER--THEY'RE GOING INTO THE SLAVE TRADIN' BUSINESS--

IN THE NEXT STALL, THEIR TONGUES LOOSENED BY DRINK, SIT TWO SAILORS...



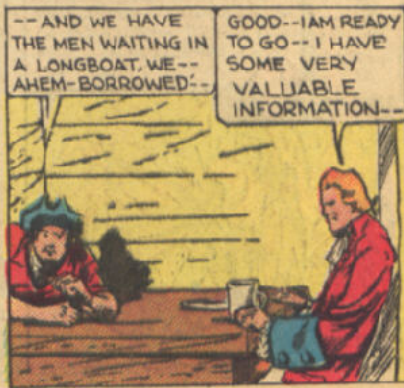
--AND NOW WE'LL BE SHIPPING FOR AFRICA, AGAIN--DAKAR, HE SAID, THEY HAVE A BIG CARGO OF THEM BLACKS--HUSKY ONES, FROM DIJUANA COUNTRY



SUDDENLY, THE DOOR OPENS AND FLUTH ENTERS THE SMOKY ROOM, HIS EYES SEARCHING FOR A FAMILIAR FACE---



AH--- THERE HE IS-- HIS EYES SIGNAL ME, I MUST BE CAREFUL



--AND WE HAVE THE MEN WAITING IN A LONGBOAT, WE--AH--BORROWED--

GOOD--I AM READY TO GO--I HAVE SOME VERY VALUABLE INFORMATION--





-LET US GO-I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE IT'S FILLED WITH CARLOS' MEN

YES-IF I AM RECOGNIZED WE WILL BE IN FOR A WARM RECEPTION~



HIS WORDS FORM A PROPHECY, AS ONE OF THE DRUNKEN SAILORS SUDDENLY RECOGNIZES THEIR FOE, THE HAWK!!

HO! WHOM HAVE WE HERE? THE HAWK!!



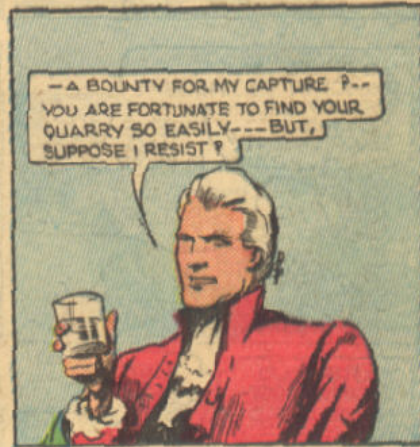
OH-OH--THEY'VE SEEN US-- AND WITH A PRICE ON YOUR HEAD TOO!!-- WE'LL NEVER ESCAPE ALIVE-- LETS RUN FOR IT--

NO, FLUTH-- WAIT!

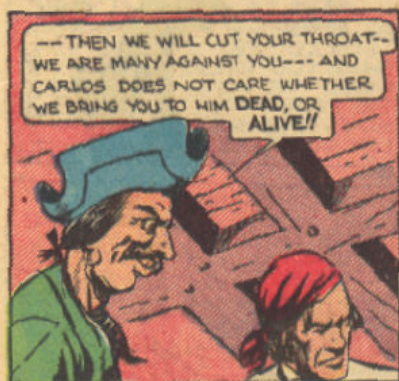


YES?-GENTLEMEN, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?.. YOU LOOK SURPRISED...

"--NONE OF YER FANCY TALK--I KNOW YOU-YER THE HAWK--AND WERE TAKIN' YOU TO CARLOS--AND GET OUR BOUNTY FOR YOUR CAPTURE



--A BOUNTY FOR MY CAPTURE?-- YOU ARE FORTUNATE TO FIND YOUR QUARRY SO EASILY---BUT, I SUPPOSE I RESIST?



--- THEN WE WILL CUT YOUR THROAT-- WE ARE MANY AGAINST YOU--- AND CARLOS DOES NOT CARE WHETHER WE BRING YOU TO HIM DEAD, OR ALIVE!!



WHAT SHALL WE DO?--HE IS EARNEST--

YOU MUST ESCAPE AT ALL COSTS--YOU KNOW MY PLANS-- RELAY THEM TO OUR MEN--- I WILL GIVE YOU THE SIGNAL FROM CARLOS' SHIP



HERE'S MY CUTLASS--

GOOD--I'LL HOLD THEM OFF WHILE YOU ESCAPE BY THE REAR DOOR-- GOOD LUCK--



WITH A ROAR, THE MEN SURGE FORWARD--WAVING THEIR SWORDS, CLAIMING THE HAWK AS THEIRS.

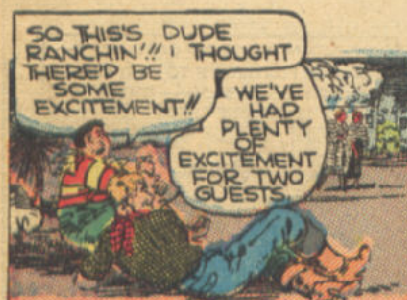
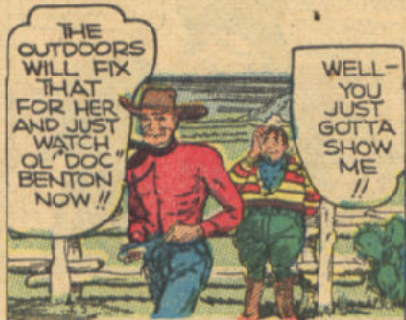


UGLY FELLOWS--- AND SUCH POOR SWORDSMEN, TOO!

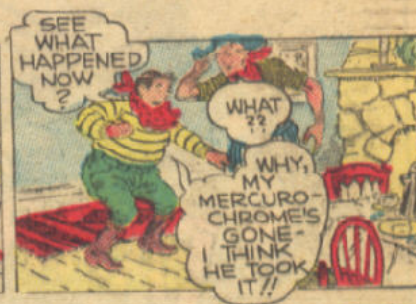
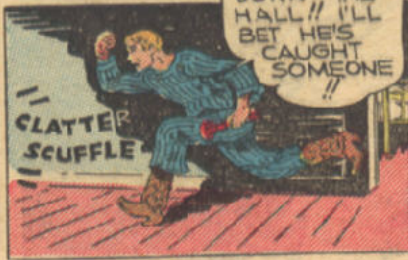
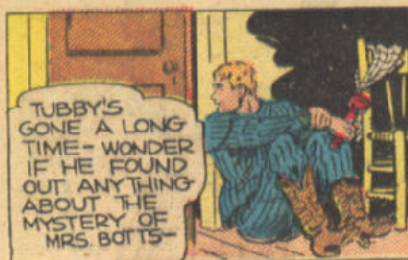
CONTINUED

Hawks of the Seas is continued in the April issue--On sale March 2nd











# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS by JOHN HIX



DAVID GLASGOW

## FARRAGUT

WAS A MIDSHIPMAN  
IN THE U.S. NAVY AT THE AGE OF 9 -  
WAS GIVEN COMMAND OF A SHIP AND CREW AT 11  
AND THEN BECAME FIRST REAR-ADMIRAL,  
FIRST VICE-ADMIRAL AND FIRST ADMIRAL  
OF THE AMERICAN NAVY...



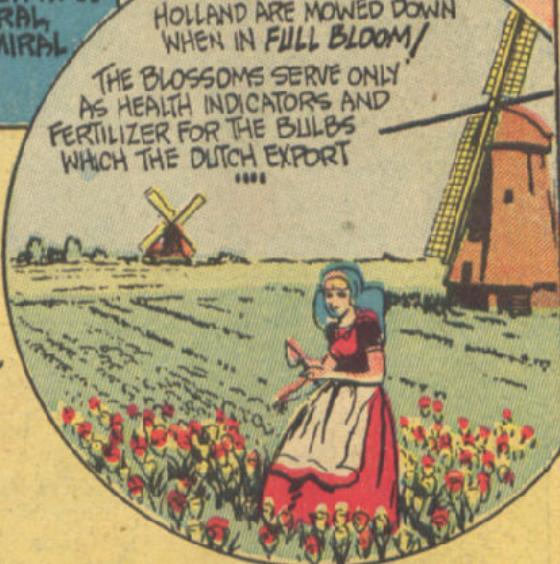
PRACTICALLY EVERY  
SOCIALLY IMPORTANT  
PERSON IN ENGLAND  
WALKED WITH A LIMP  
IN 1875... IN IMITATION OF  
THE PRINCESS OF WALES  
WHO HAD HURT HER KNEE



THE COMMON BLACKSNAKE  
IS SCIENTIFICALLY MISNAMED  
— IT IS CALLED  
"COLUBER CONSTRICTOR"  
BUT IS NOT A  
CONSTRICTOR

TULIP FIELDS OF  
HOLLAND ARE MOWED DOWN  
WHEN IN FULL BLOOM!

THE BLOSSOMS SERVE ONLY  
AS HEALTH INDICATORS AND  
FERTILIZER FOR THE BULBS  
WHICH THE DUTCH EXPORT



**W**ILLIAM GAEHLER -  
of Pendleton C. C., New York,  
SINGLE-BLADE CANOE SPEED CHAMPION -  
PADDOLED 1/2 MILE IN 4 MIN., 5 1/2 SEC.

*John Hix*



# THE CLOCK STRIKES

A  
COMPLETE  
STORY.

by  
GEO. E. BRENNER.

MAKING SURE HE WASN'T FOLLOWED, THE LONE FIGURE OF A MAN RAPS OUT A SIGNAL ON THE DOOR OF AN ISOLATED HOUSE, TWENTY MILES FROM THE HEART OF THE CITY---



SLIM!! -- WOT YOU DOIN' OUT HERE?

-- SLICK! -- WHERE'S SLICK-



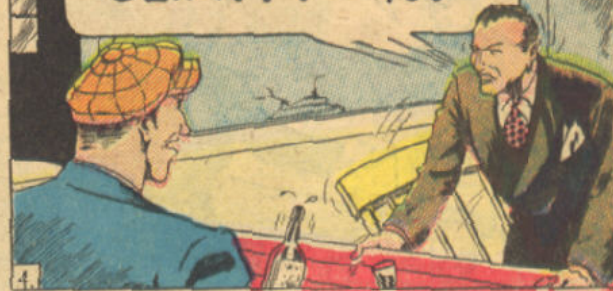
HE'S UPSTAIRS AN' HE'LL CUT YA HEART OUT FOR COMING OUT HERE -- SUPPOSE YOU WAS TAILED?

I WASN'T - I MADE SURE OF DAT--



THE APPEARANCE OF SLIM BRINGS MIKE SPARRA, ALIAS SLICK TO HIS FEET IN A RAGE--

SLIM!!! -- YOU--



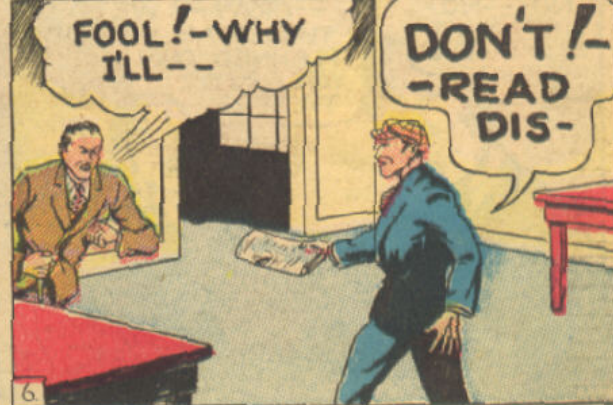
--I TOLD YOU NOT TO COME OUT HERE UNLESS IT WAS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY-- YOU'LL BREAK MY ORDERS, EH-- WELL, FOR THAT YOU DIE, ---I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S BOSS OF THIS OUTFIT---

WAIT A MINUTE-- YA FOOL-- LEMME TALK--



FOOL! -- WHY I'LL --

DON'T! -- READ DIS-







# DAILY MAIL



NC. 17634

MONDAY 12 1937

TWO CENTS

## CLYDE HOPE JR. KIDNAPPED. BANK PRESIDENT'S SON MISSING 48 HOURS.

\$500,000 DEMANDED  
FOR RELEASE.

LAST SEEN LEAVING CLUB  
CEDER AT MIDNIGHT.



MISSING YOUTH.

NOTE THREATENED  
IMMEDIATE DEATH IF  
POLICE ARE CALLED IN

SUSPECT SPARRA GANG  
ACTIVE AGAIN AFTER  
LONG HIDE-OUT.





12

## THE NOTE

## LAST WARNING

HAVE \$500,000 IN 2 SMALL, UNMARKED  
BILLS READY AT MIDNIGHT WEDNESDAY,  
PACKED IN TWO BATTLEZ-- RIDE  
ALONE, ALONG SOUTH RIVER ROAD  
UNTIL A CAR WITH BLINKING LIGHTS  
APPROACHES-- PUT YOURS OUT AN'  
STOP--- IF YOU AGAIN CALL THE  
POLICE, AN' FAIL TO CARRY OUT  
THESE ORDERZ YOU CAN EXPECT  
A PACKAGE THRU THE MAILZ--  
--IF YOU FAINT EASY DON'T  
OPEN IT, IT MIGHT BE YOUR  
SON'S HEAD---



13

I THINK THAT WILL BRING  
ACTION, MEN--AND IF  
HE DOES NOTIFY THE  
POLICE, THEY CAN RIDE  
SOUTH RIVER ROAD ALL  
NIGHT AND IT WOULD  
NEVER LEAD THEM  
HERE--NOW SCRAM--

YOU'RE A  
SMOOTH ARTICLE,  
ALRIGHT, SLICK--

OKAY--

15

--HOPE--THIS IS HE  
ALRIGHT--BANK PRESIDENT,  
--HMM--BANK CRASHED  
IN TWENTYNINE-- NO  
PAYMENTS MADE IN LAST  
FOUR YEARS--WELL MR.  
HOPE, WE'LL KILL TWO  
BIRDS WITH THIS STONE!

14. AND AT THIS VERY MOMENT THE CLOCK  
FINISHES READING THE STORY OF THE HOPE  
KIDNAPPING---

SO--THE SPARRA GANG  
IS ACTIVE AGAIN--HOPE,  
--HOPE?--THAT NAME--  
SOUNDS FAMILIAR--I'LL SEE  
IF I HAVE ANYTHING IN MY  
RECORDS--



17

---AND HE HAS---

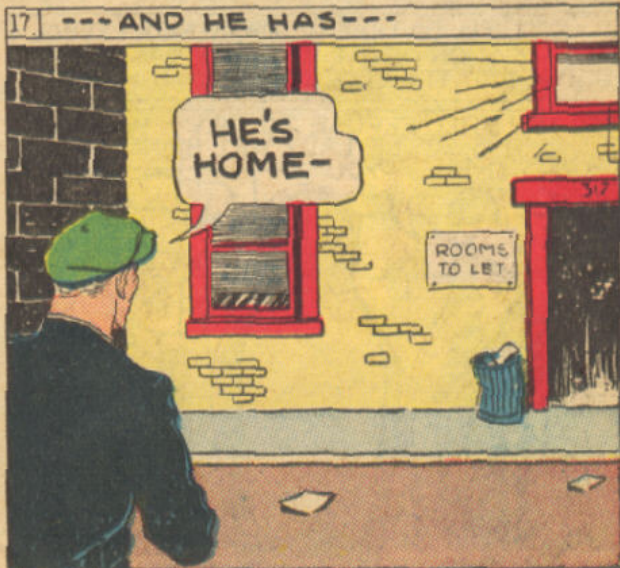
HE'S HOME--

ROOMS  
TO LET

16

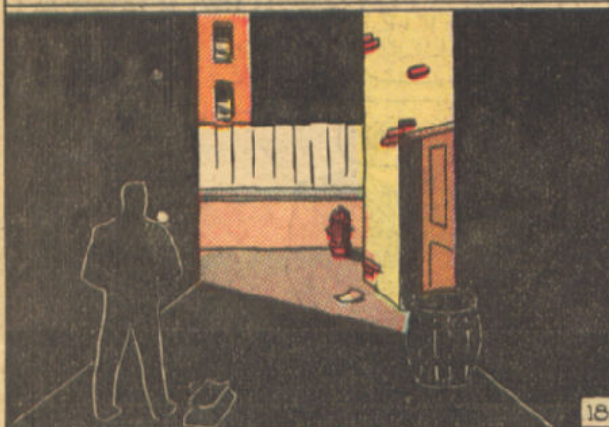
AND  
ONCE AGAIN  
IN THE  
GUISE OF  
'SNOWY'  
WINTERS,  
THE CLOCK  
LEARNS FROM  
THE  
UNDERWORLD  
THE ADDRESSES  
OF SPARRA'S  
TWO  
HENCHMEN--

--SLIM HASN'T  
BEEN SEEN FOR THE  
LAST DAY OR SO---  
WELL I HOPE I HAVE  
BETTER LUCK AT  
BUTCH'S PLACE--





SO AS NOT TO HAVE THE CHARACTER OF SNOWY WINTERS AND THE CLOCK KNOWN AS THE SAME PERSON, THE CLOCK STEPS INTO A DARK ALLEY AND TAKES FROM HIS GRIP THE NATTY ATTIRE FOR WHICH HE IS MOST POPULARLY KNOWN--



18



HELLO--  
BUTCH--

WHA---TH--  
THE CLOCK--

19

YOU SHOULDN'T LEAVE YOUR GUN SO FAR OUT OF REACH, MY FRIEND--IT ISN'T ANY GOOD TO YOU WHEN YOU NEED IT--  
--LET'S TALK-- WHERE ARE SPARRA AND SLIM HIDING OUT?



I'M DUMB TO YOU, WISE GUY--

20

--JUST DUMB, MY SWEET, JUST DUMB--  
COME NOW, TURN AROUND, YOUR HANDS PLEASE-- WE'RE GOING OUT TO MY PLACE-- ONE CAN'T HELP BUT GET CHATTY IN THE CONFINES OF MY TORTURE PIT---



21

BLINDFOLDED, SO THAT HE COULD NOT REVEAL THE LOCATION OF THE CLOCK'S SANCTUARY, BUTCH AND THE CLOCK ARE NOW INSIDE--

--SO YOU STILL REFUSE TO TALK-- WELL I THINK THIS LITTLE LADY WILL BRING THE WORDS OUT OF YOU--



NO!-- NOT--

22

BACKED INTO THE COFFIN-LIKE APERTURE, THE DOOR STARTS TO CLOSE SLOWLY-----



--BUTCH, BEFORE I CLOSE THE DOOR-- THIS ONE GOES THRU TH' THROAT AND THE TWO TOP ONES-- THRU--

STOP!-- STOP!--  
I'LL TALK--

23



24. LEARNING THE WHERE-ABOUTS OF SPARRA AND SLIM, THE CLOCK BINDS BUTCH FOR SAFE KEEPING AND CALLS HOPE SR.

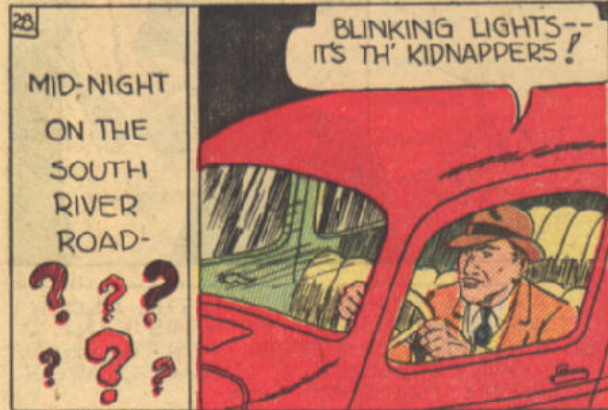
*Ring...*



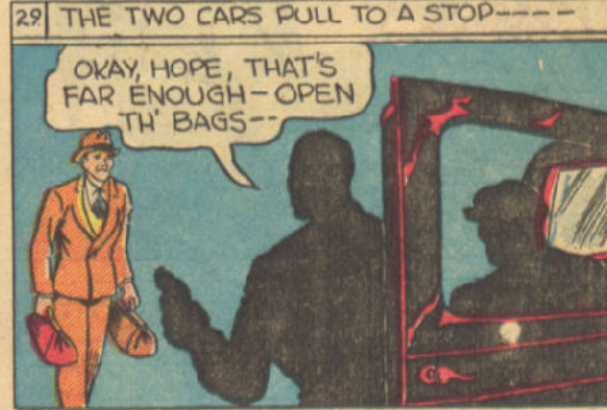
Y-YES--  
I--HAVE--



WHAT DO THEY SAY?



MID-NIGHT  
ON THE  
SOUTH  
RIVER  
ROAD--  
???  
???



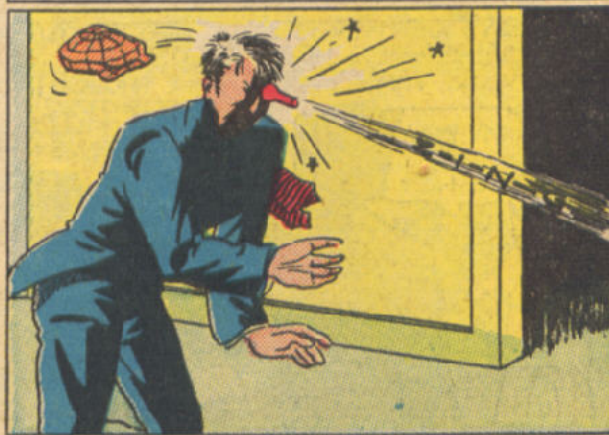
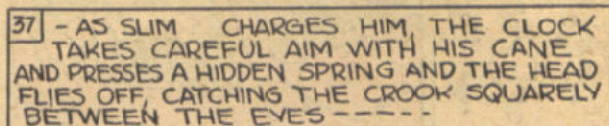
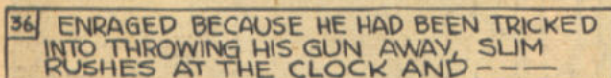
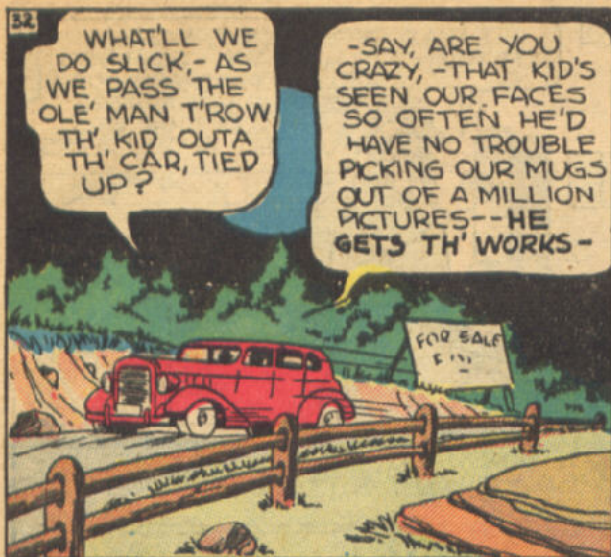
SPARRA'S IDENTITY IS STILL PROTECTED BY HIS GLARING HEADLIGHTS----

MY BOY, -WHERE IS HE-



OH!-- MY POOR BOY--







38. SLICK, THINKING ONLY OF HIS OWN SKIN, TRIES TO ESCAPE----



39. -- YOU'VE GOT A DATE WITH THE POLICE--



40. WITH SLICK AND SLIM FREED, THE CLOCK IS READY TO DEPART INTO THE NIGHT--



41. OH, THAT!---MAYBE I HAVE TAKING WAYS, --BUT IF YOU ASK CAPTAIN KANE, HE'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING TO YOU, I'M SURE-- AUREVOIR, MON AMI----



42. Dear Captain Kane:

If you will send a couple of men to 673 Mire Street, you will find "Butch" Jacobs anxiously awaiting their arrival. Then if you will go out to 1989 South Boulevard, you will find Mike "Slick" Sparra and "Slim" Bates. These three, as you probably know by now are the kidnapers of Clyde Hope Jr. -- If Hope Sr. should try to put you on my trail for taking the ransom money, ask him if he has forgotten about all those poor people (mostly laborers and old women) who lost their money when his bank crashed??? To date he has not even tried to make a payment to these old souls. Not knowing who these poor unfortunates are, I'm turning the five hundred thousand dollars over to various charities, as I'm quite sure some of these poor devils need help badly, now and though they do not know it, they will be getting some of their money back in an indirect way.

Adios amigos





# PIRATES AHOY!..... By CHARLES B. DRISCOLL

## *Captain Kidd, Who Was Never a Pirate*

**CAPTAIN KIDD** was not a pirate.

I wish to start this tale of piracy and politics and cruel injustice with this simple and true statement, because I find that most people who write to me about pirates still believe that Captain Kidd was the greatest pirate of them all.

The truth about Captain Kidd has been known to historians and scholars for more than a century. In fact, the truth about the case was known to many of Kidd's contemporaries, and was handed down by them to their children. The evidence that clears Kidd of the charges of piracy that were made against him is now in the British museum, and has been for many musty years.

Captain Kidd was railroaded to the gallows so that certain high politicians, including a colonial governor, several members of Parliament, and the King of England, might save their faces.

This terrible injustice was made possible by the suppression of evidence, perjury, subornation of perjury, bribery, malfeasance in office, judicial oppression, conspiracy, mutiny, piracy, and a long train of other black crimes, participated in by some of the "best people" of the time. There are few darker chapters in the history of modern man.

William Kidd was born in Greenock, Scotland, and was a seafaring person from boyhood. His reputation, up to the time of his ill-starred voyage under the auspices of politicians who framed him for their own advantage, was excellent, spotless, and beyond price. He was middle-aged and prosperous, living a happy life with his

wife in New York, and was the owner of a merchant sloop sailing between New York and whatever ports offered good cargo or a good market.

William the Third was King of England, exercising sovereignty over the American colonies. He was not a very notable king. I think he was a rogue and a villain. Certainly he consorted with scoundrels, and in his parliament were noble lords who did not scruple to go out after stolen goods. William wanted his share of the loot, too.

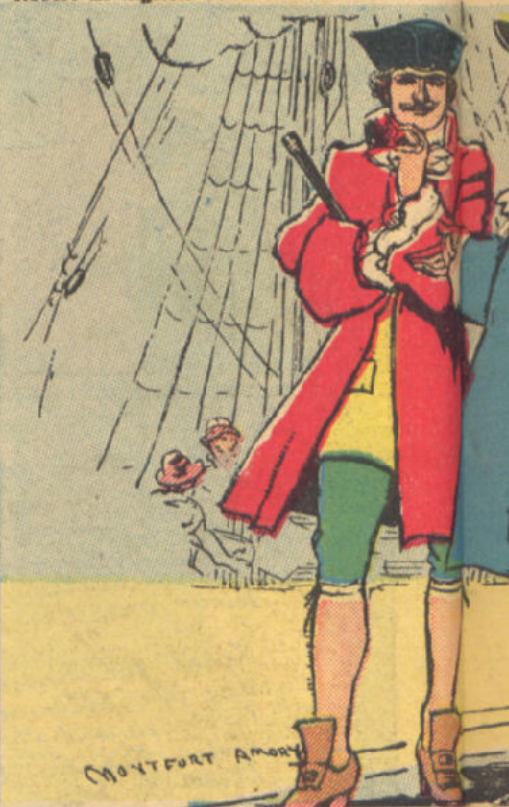
Lord Bellamont was Governor of New York, by appointment of King William. He was a politician with a very bad reputation at the time of this appointment, in 1695. He had been discharged from the job of treasurer and receiver general under Queen Mary, who called him impertinent. He had rather thoroughly disgraced himself in parliament by bringing unfounded and unsupported charges of treason against two reputable lords.

King William kicked this troublesome fellow upstairs by sending him to America to govern the stepchildren of the British Empire. There Lord Bellamont became acquainted with Robert Livingston, as false an aristocrat as ever strutted the streets of New York.

All the seas were full of pirates. Captains Tew, Ireland and Culliford were known to maintain pirate principalities on Madagascar and Johanna, off the African coast. It was common knowledge that these and other pirate kings had accumulated such magnificent treasure as might put to shame the imperial treasuries

of most of the nations then existing. All navigators and importers were afraid of these pirates, and all sea captains knew of their operations.

The pirates had preyed upon the world's commerce until they had actually become the world's richest citizens. Robert Livingston conceived the bril-



liant idea that the most profitable enterprise in history would be preying upon the pirates. He hastened to his friend, Governor Bellamont, with a proposition.

There was enough gold in Madagascar to make Bellamont and Livingston two of the world's richest inhabitants, without their undertaking the risk incident to regular piracy. They could hijack the pirates! A commercial proposition worthy of the best minds of Chicago's racketeer colony.



Of course, it would be necessary to get the consent of the King and the cooperation of some of the most powerful politicians in parliament. That would be easy. Simply split the swag with them. His Majesty was up to his neck in a war with France, and he needed money, and would not scruple to receive gold taken from pirates who had stolen it from honest merchants.

Livingston and Bellamont cooked up their scheme and took it to the King. William the Third was all for



it, provided he got his share of the loot.

But were Livingston and Bellamont and William going out aboard a ship to fight pirates in order to get their gold? No indeed! Colonel Livingston told His Majesty and the Lord Governor that he knew a certain thrifty Scotch sea captain, one William Kidd, who knew all the pirates and all the sea-lanes, and was canny enough to appreciate an opportunity to make himself famous and vastly wealthy if

the proposition were put to him forcefully enough. This Captain Kidd was fifty-two years old or thereabouts, and was wealthy enough to be able to afford some little part in the enterprise himself. He had fought well for the King against the French in the West Indies, and bore an excellent reputation for bravery and probity.

It was agreed that this Captain Kidd would be just the man. Kidd had expressed himself as unwilling to go out after pirates now, as he wished to retire permanently from active seafaring. But Colonel Livingston thought that the Lord Bellamont might be able to induce Kidd to change his mind. Just a hint that unless Kidd should be willing to serve the King in the manner suggested the Governor would refuse to grant clearance to Kidd's sloop from the Port of New York, and the thing would be done.

When next Livingston approached Captain Kidd he had a concrete proposition to offer him. The King and some unnamed persons in high places desired Kidd to undertake the hijacking of the pirates, as a patriotic service.

NO, Captain Kidd was not interested in such an enterprise.

But what was he interested in?

In commerce, by means of his own peaceful sloop.

But of course the Captain realized that Lord Bellamont was interested in this proposed cruise against the pirates? That My Lord's heart was set upon having Kidd command the expedition? That if Kidd should refuse, the Governor would be constrained to stop his sloop in the river, and thus put Captain Kidd out of commerce for good and all?

In the end, Captain Kidd consented. How much better it would have been for him if he had let them stop the ship in the river, and tried to live by some less far-flung type of commerce

for the rest of his days!

Kidd then proposed a plan of action. The King should provide a fighting ship of the navy, with thirty or forty guns and a well-trained crew under naval discipline. Kidd would accompany the ship, and would point out to his Majesty's officers just where to find the pirates and their pelf.

Oh no! That would never do. Such a plan would leave no provision for a sharing of the loot among the Noble Lords and Colonel Livingston. It was already decided, Captain Kidd was informed, that a vessel was to be built especially for the enterprise. Kidd was to put up one-fifth of the cost. Livingston was to take a fifth share, and certain persons, very high in the realm, were to take the other three-fifths. King William was to have a share of his own, "just to show that he was behind the enterprise," but it isn't known whether His Majesty was asked to put up anything more than his royal decree, license and authority. King William hadn't any ships free from war duty, but he had plenty of parchment upon which to write proclamations and letters of marque and reprisal.

Forced into the undertaking against his will, Kidd tried to make the best of the situation. He wanted a good, sound ship, and a picked crew, well paid.

Both of these sound propositions were vetoed by the greedy conspirators. A half-seaworthy vessel was constructed, of bad materials, hastily flung together, and Kidd was informed that his men were not to be paid wages at all, but must work for shares in the loot. No captures, no pay. Good captures, fair pay.

Such an enterprise was doomed from the start.

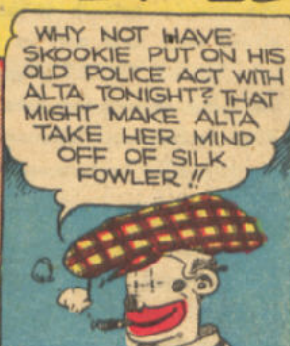
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Read "Captain Kidd Is Done To Death" in the April Issue, On Sale March 2nd.



# BIG TOP

BY ED WHEELAN





# BIG TOP

BY ED WHEELAN

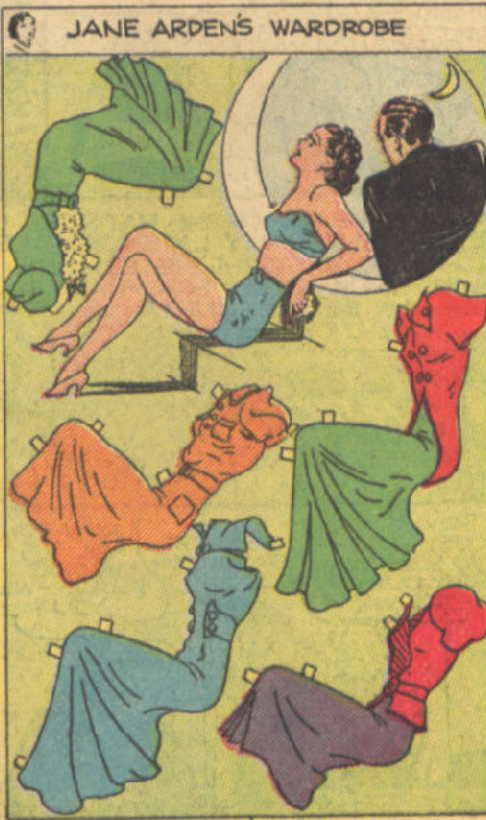


Follow Big Top in the April issue—On sale March 2nd



# JANE ARDEN

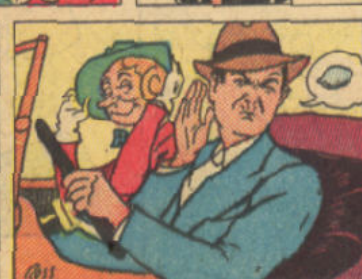
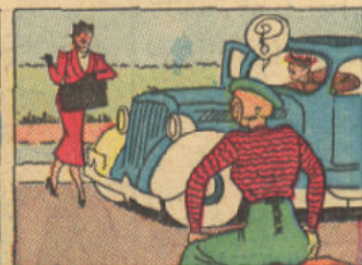
by Monte Barrett and Russell E. Hays





# JANE ARDEN

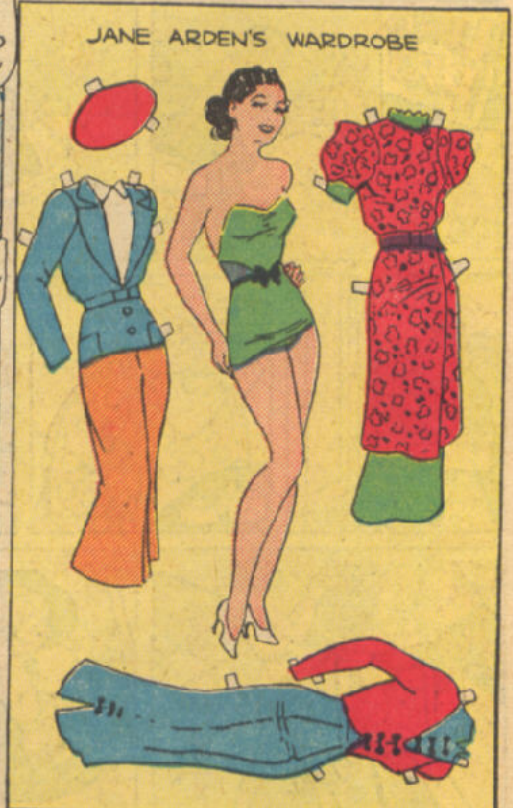
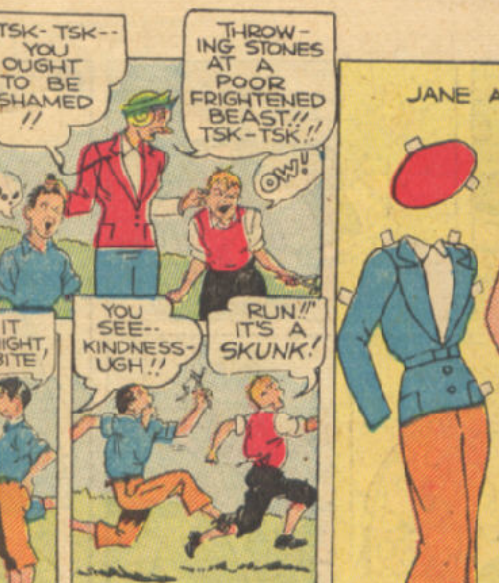
by Monte Barrett and Russell E. Ross





# JANE ARDEN

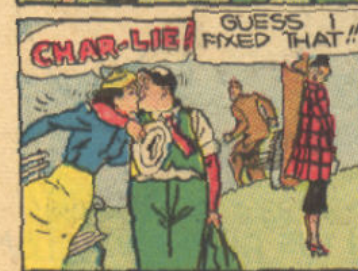
by Monte Barrett and Russell E. Ross





# JANE ARDEN

by Monte Harrett and Russell E. Ross

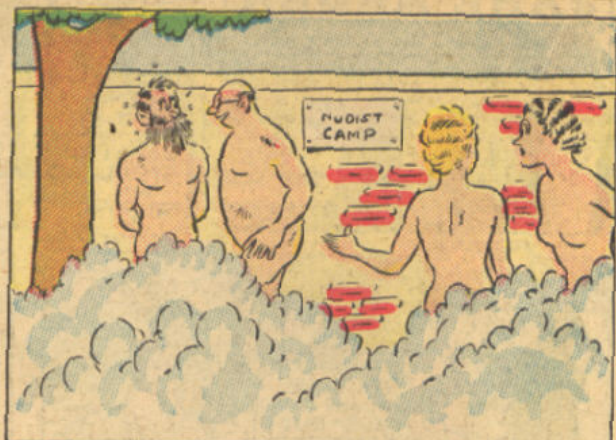


Jane Arden is continued in the April issue--On sale March 2nd



# OFF THE RECORD

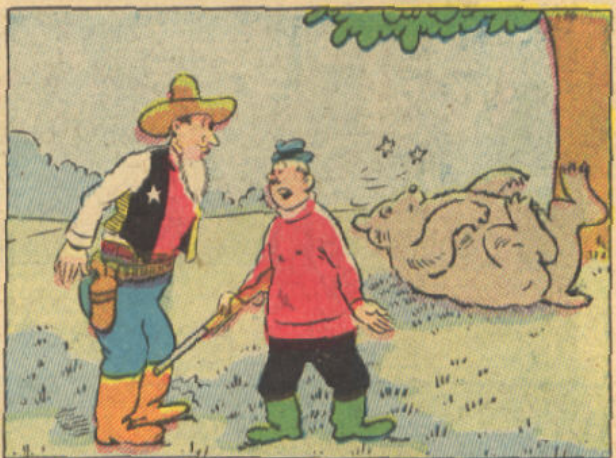
by  
Ed. Reed



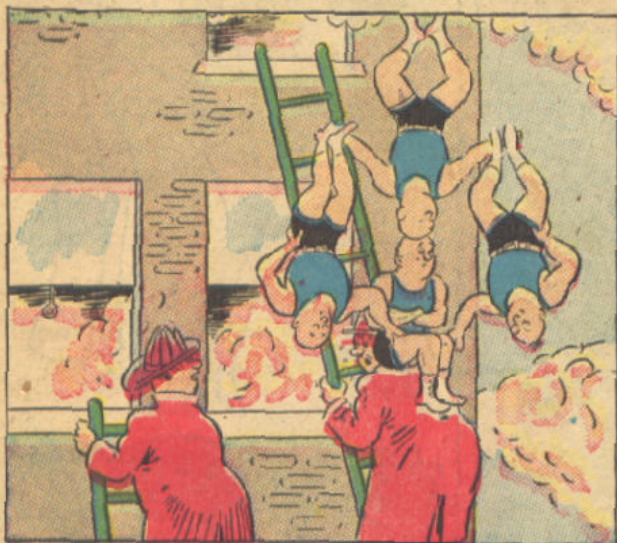
"THE BEARD WAS THE ONLY WAY OUT FOR WILBUR, HE BLUSHES EASILY!"



"MAYBE WE SHOULD'VE LET THEM TAKE THE BOOK OUT!"



"WHADD'YA MEAN HUNTING LICENSE, I SHOT IN SELF DEFENSE!!"



"JUST MY LUCK TO FIND A ROOM FULL OF ACROBATS!"



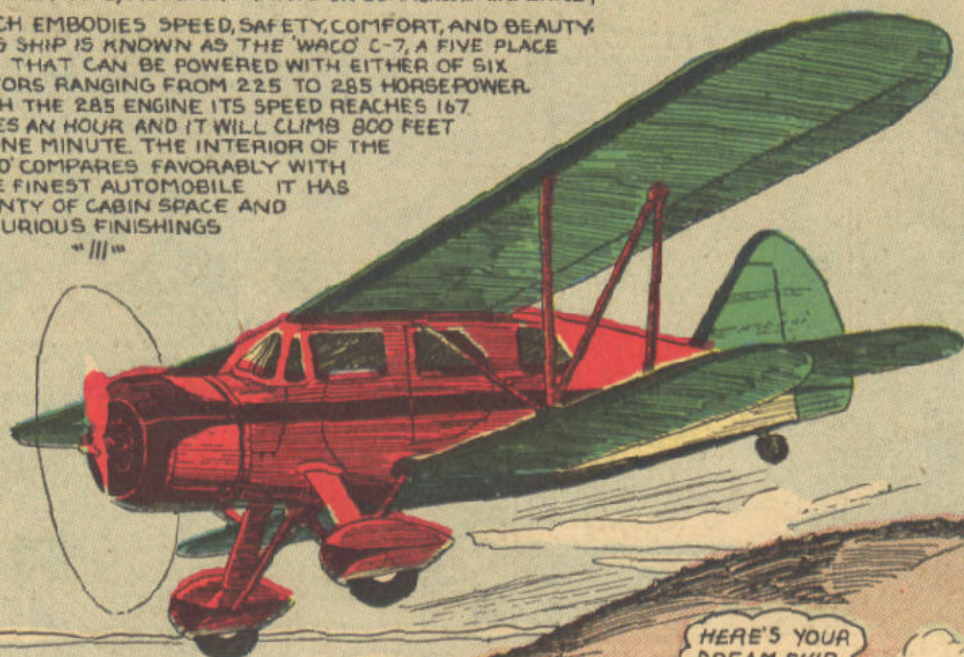
"LOOK--- ALGY IS PLAYIN' HOOPS WITH HIS PA'S NEW HALO!"



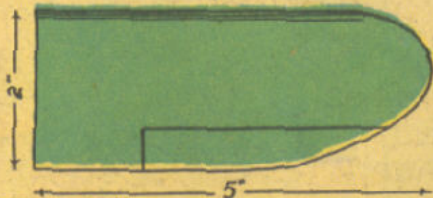
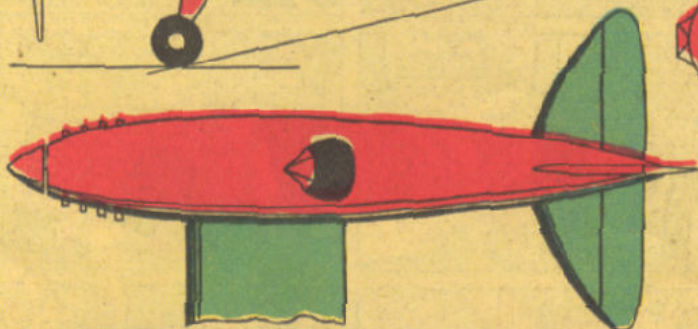
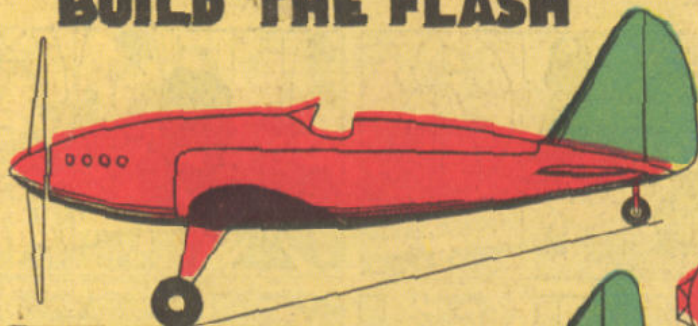
# MODERN 'PLANES

HERE IS A FINE, MODERN, PRIVATE OR COMMERCIAL AIRPLANE, WHICH EMBODIES SPEED, SAFETY, COMFORT, AND BEAUTY. THIS SHIP IS KNOWN AS THE 'WACO' C-7, A FIVE PLACE JOB THAT CAN BE POWERED WITH EITHER OF SIX MOTORS RANGING FROM 225 TO 285 HORSEPOWER. WITH THE 285 ENGINE ITS SPEED REACHES 167 MILES AN HOUR AND IT WILL CLIMB 800 FEET IN ONE MINUTE. THE INTERIOR OF THE 'WACO' COMPARES FAVORABLY WITH THE FINEST AUTOMOBILE. IT HAS PLENTY OF CABIN SPACE AND LUXURIOUS FINISHINGS.

III

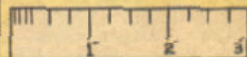


## BUILD THE FLASH



LES MARSHALL

HERE'S YOUR DREAM SHIP, PILOTS! IT'S A SWELL JOB.



USE THE ABOVE SCALE FOR FINDING MEASUREMENTS. THE RULE EQUALS 3"

BALSA WOOD IS THE CHIEF PART OF THIS SOLID SCALE MODEL. CARVE THE FUSELAGE FROM A HARD BLOCK, CUT OUT THE COCKPIT OPENING AND SAND WELL. NEXT COME THE WINGS WHICH ARE IN TWO SECTIONS. TAIL UNITS ARE OF Y8 STOCK AND THEY ARE GLUED DIRECTLY TO THE BODY. DOUGHNUT WHEELS ARE USED ON THIS SHIP AND THEY MAY BE BUILT TO ROTATE OR FASTENED SOLIDLY TO THE STRUTS. GIVE THE MODEL THREE COATS OF ENAMEL, BEING SURE TO SAND THE FIRST TWO WHEN THE PAINT IS DRY.

HAPPY LANDINGS, MEN!!





# TODDY

BY

GEORGE MARCOUX

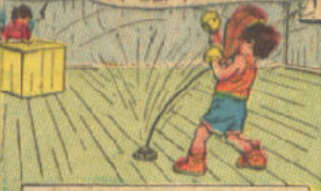
THIS FIGHT IS FOR THE HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE FOLKS, MANY SEATS ARE TOOK UP BY WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE--



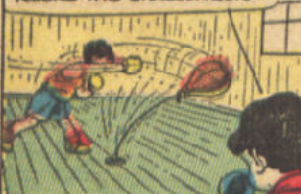
THE BOYS IS IN THE RING NOW-- THEY'RE BEIN' WISED UP BY THE REFEREE--



THERE'S TH' BELL-- TH' CHAMP MISSES WITH A RIGHT AN' IS CLIPPED ON THE SHOOT WITH A LEFT--



OH! THE CHAMP COMES BACK WITH A DEADLY RIGHT WHICH ROCKS THE CHALLENGER--



THE CHALLENGER COUNTERS WITH A LEFT T'HE BEAK WHICH KINDA THROWS THE CHAMP OFF GUARD--



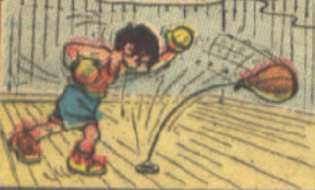
AN' THE CHAMP SAILS RIGHT BACK WITH LEFTS N' RIGHTS T' THE CHALLENGER'S MID-SECTION. BOY! WHAT A FIGHT, FOLKS, WHAT A FIGHT!--



--BUT THE CHALLENGER WON'T QUIT-- HE COMES THROUGH THE CHAMPS GUARD WITH A RIGHT ABOVE THE EYES--



--THE CHAMP COMES BACK WITH TERRIFIC LEFTS AN' RIGHTS T' THE CHALLENGER'S JAW-- WHATTA FIGHT!!



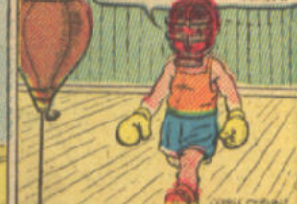
AN' THERE'S TH' BELL FOR THE END OF THE ROUND-- WHATTA FIGHT FOLKS!!



NOW TH' CHAMP'S IN HIS CORNER GETTIN' TH' CUTS ON HIS EYES FIXED UP--



ADHESIVE TAPE WOULD MAKE ANY CHAMP LOOK BAD ANYWAY!!



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# FLOSSIE

BY ZERE

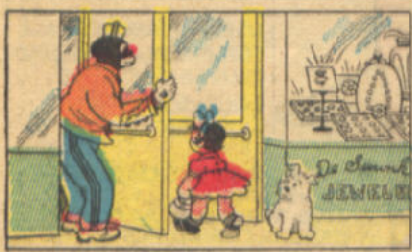
MOM'S BIRTHDAY IS SOON! I BETTER SEE WHAT I CAN GIVE HER!!



MME. STYL PARIS FROCK



MME. STYL PARIS



I WASN'T THINKING OF SPENDING THAT MUCH



POP-- YOU KNOW MOM'S BIRTHDAY IS COMING AND I WAS JUST THINKING--



WHY DON'T WE PUT ALL OUR MONEY TOGETHER AN' GET HER SOMETHING SWELL



WE'RE BOTH PAYIN' FOR THIS POP-- SO HERE'S MY FIFTY-- SIX CENTS!!

© McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

By Zere



# TODDY

by

GEORGE MARCOUX

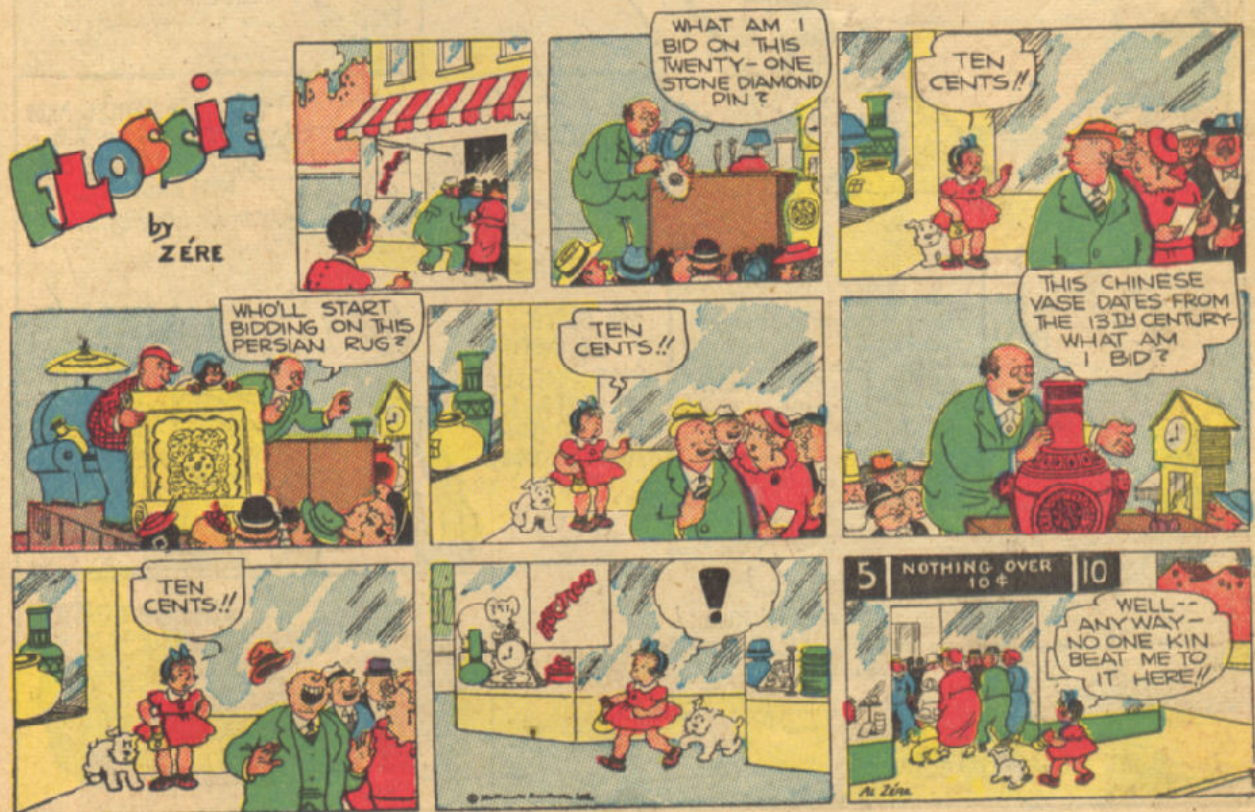
© 1944 by George Marcoux, Inc.



# FLOSSIE

by

ZERE





# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS by JOHN HIX



## THE MOUNTAIN OF RAINBOW SNOW

ON MT. RAINIER, WASH., ARE FOUND PATCHES OF RED, YELLOW, GREEN, BLUE, PINK AND BLACK SNOW! DIFFERENT SPECIES OF ALGAE GROWING IN THE MOUNTAIN'S PERPETUAL SNOW REGIONS CAUSE THE "PATCHWORK SNOW" PHENOMENON WHICH IS MOST EVIDENT IN SPRING AND SUMMER

DIG DEN HAS RUN MORE THAN 75 YEARS WITHOUT A BREAKDOWN... THE HUGE LONDON TIMEPIECE IS STOPPED ONLY ONCE EVERY 9 YEARS FOR OVERHAULING...

## "L" FAMILY

MRS. LAURETTA MC MULLEN, MR. LLOYD E. MC MULLEN AND LA VERNE LLOYD M. LEONARD LELAND LOWELL LOLA AND LYNNE, THEIR CHILDREN, LIVE IN OAKLAND, CAL.



TWO WHITE RATTLESNAKES WERE FOUND IN THE BERKSHIRE HILLS OF NEW ENGLAND... -Near Mt. Washington-

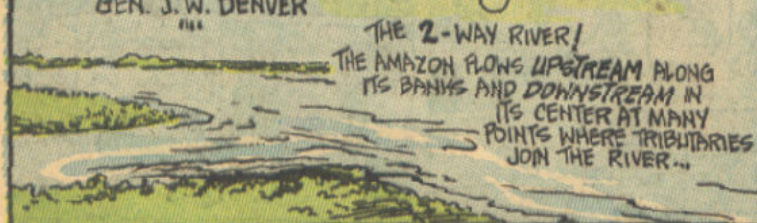


DENVER, COLORADO, WAS NAMED AFTER A GOVERNOR OF KANSAS- GEN. J. W. DENVER



THE SAGO PALM OF THE EAST INDIES REQUIRES 10 YEARS TO BEAR FRUIT... THEN IMMEDIATELY DIES...

THE OLDER, THE BETTER... GHEE, HINDU BUTTER, IS KEPT AS LONG AS 100 YEARS BEFORE BEING USED...



THE 2-WAY RIVER! THE AMAZON FLOWS UPSTREAM ALONG ITS BANKS AND DOWNSTREAM IN ITS CENTER AT MANY POINTS WHERE TRIBUTARIES JOIN THE RIVER...

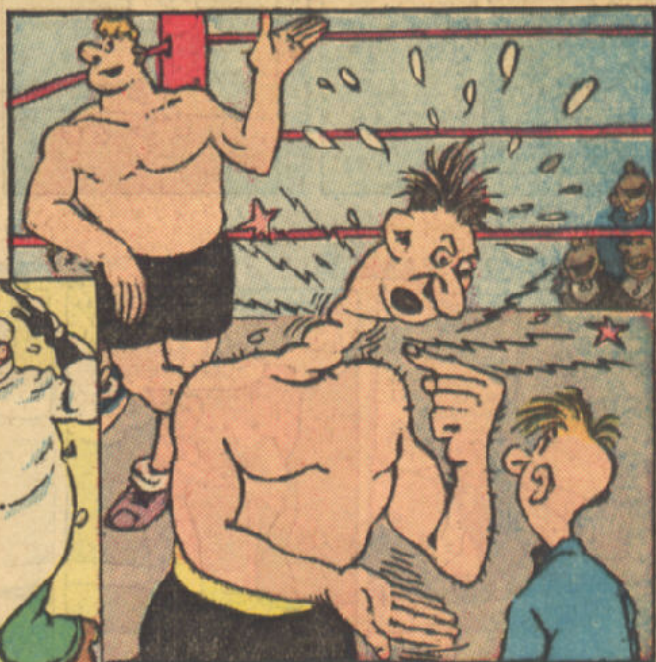
**THIS GENUINE JUNIOR GUITAR FOR YOU!**

Get this handsome instrument NOW, there's now, just send your name and address (SEND NO MONEY). WE TRUST YOU WITH 50 packs of Golden Seeds to sell at 10¢ a packet. When sold send \$1.00 collected and WE WILL SEND this mahogany 50¢ guitar and free playing instruction book absolutely FREE. Write for seeds NOW. A post card will do. Address: LANCASTER COUNTY SEED COMPANY, Station 183, Paradise, Pennsylvania.



# OFF SIDE

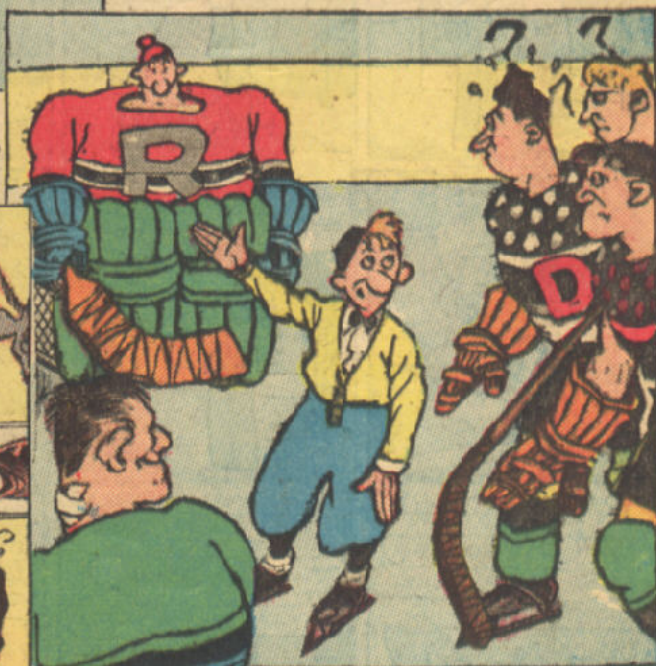
by  
JO METZER



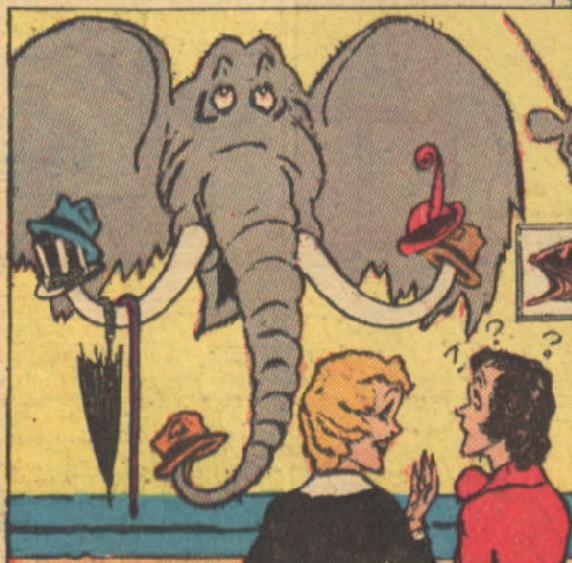
"ARE YOU GOING TO  
STAND FOR HIS 'SWIVEL  
CHAIR TWIST,' REF?"



"OUR SURGEONS LIMBER UP  
A BIT BEFORE AN OPERATION."



"THEIR GOAL ?? -- HE'S  
STANDING RIGHT  
IN FRONT OF  
IT!!"



"THE IDEA STRUCK MY HUS-  
BAND ON SPYING HIM IN THE JUNGLE."

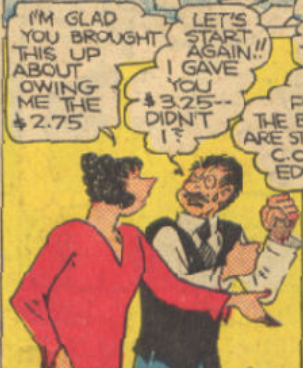
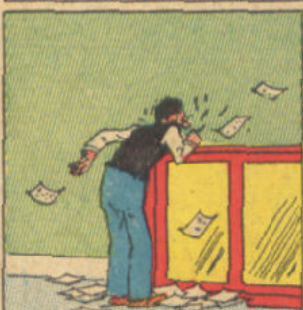
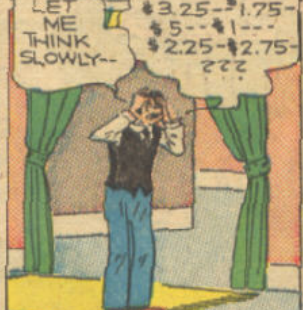
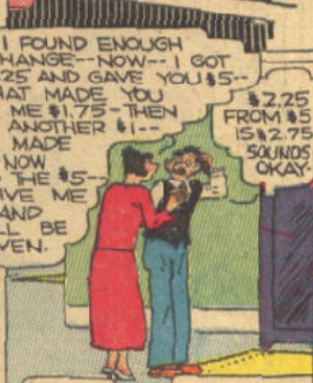




## THE BUNGLE FAMILY

Home Financing

By H. J. TUTHILL  
©1941 McMillan, New York, N. Y.







## THE BUNGLE FAMILY

Full Weight Trouble

By H. J. TUTHILL  
© 1932, Mc-Neeley Products, Inc. N. Y.









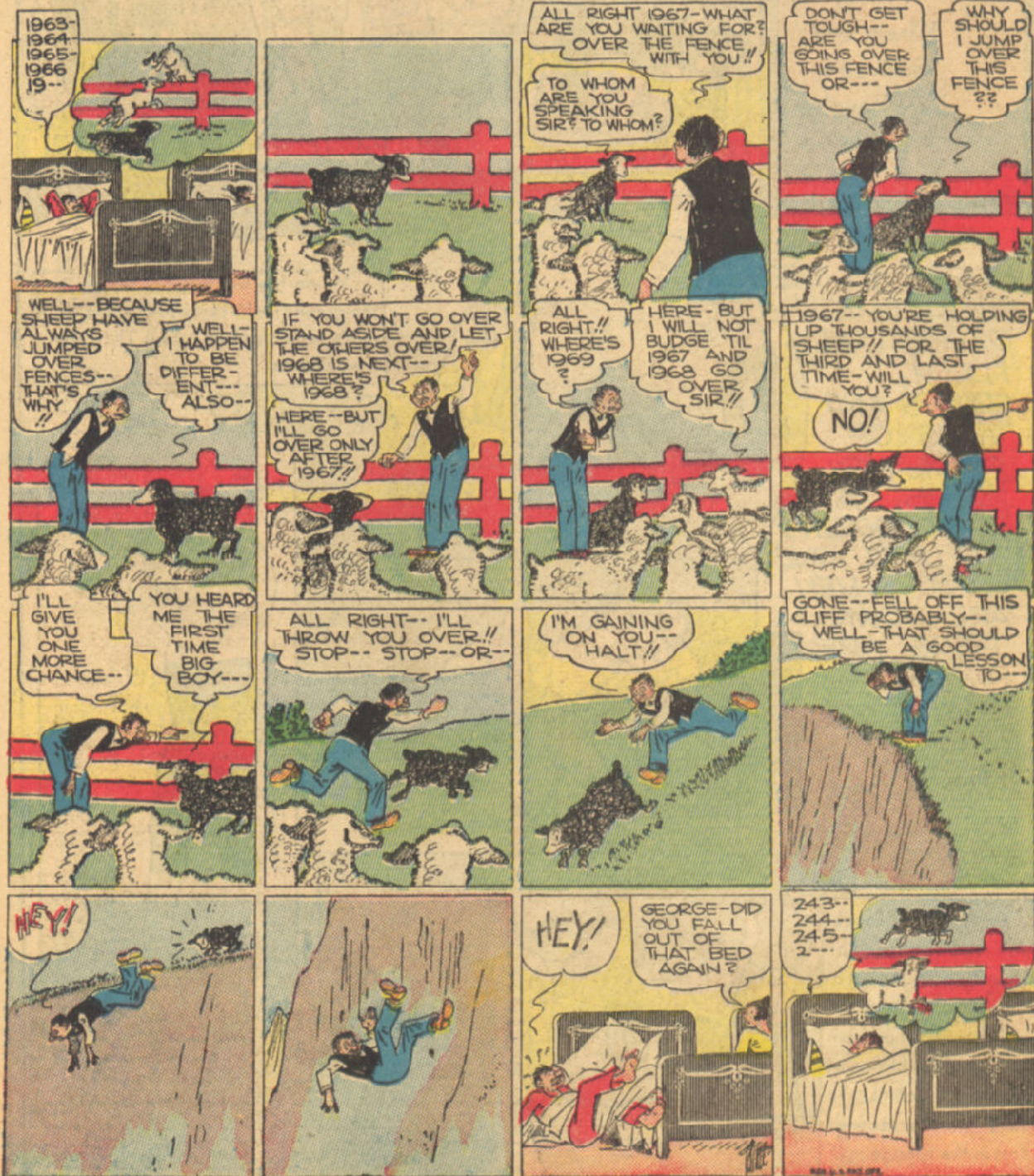


## THE BUNGLE FAMILY

The Old Sheep Herder

By H. J. TUTHILL

© 1966, McLaughlin Syndicate, Inc., N. Y.



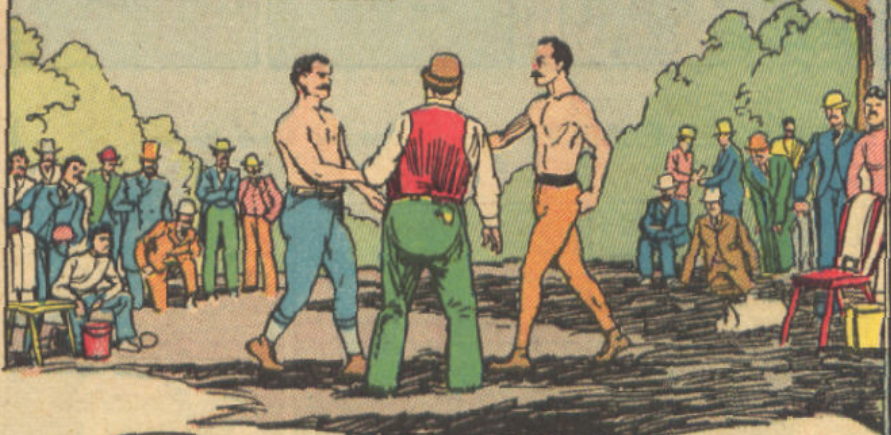
Follow The Bungle Family in the April issue—On sale March 2nd



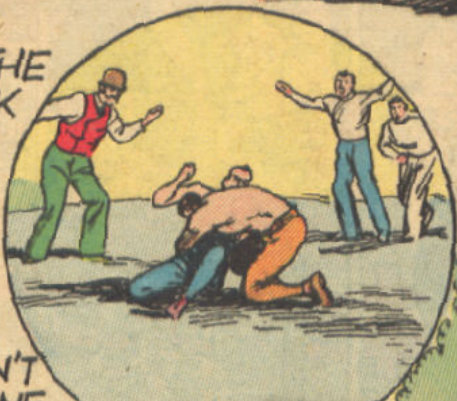
# THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About  
Kilrain and  
Sullivan's  
Bare Knuckle  
Battle

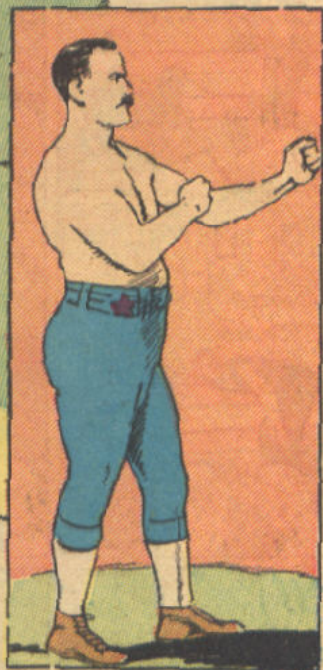
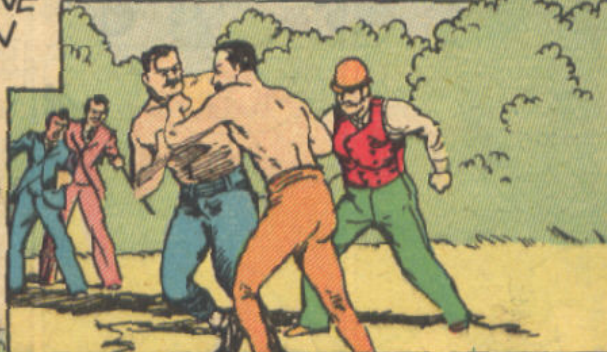
Into this shadowy glen near Richburg, Miss., on the afternoon of July 8, 1889, comes the mighty John L. Sullivan, heavyweight champion, and the challenger, Jake Kilrain. Both are stripped to the waist. Their knuckles are bare



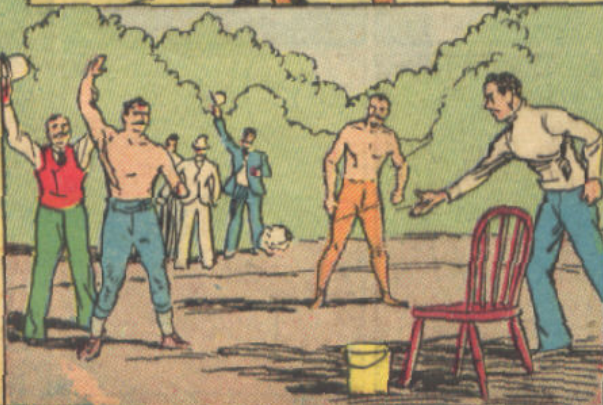
**THERE IS THE SHARP SMACK OF FIST ON FLESH, GRUNTS AND THUDS OF FLAILING BLOWS. A ROUND DOESN'T END UNTIL ONE OR BOTH MEN ARE DOWN. THERE ARE FORTY-FIVE KNOCKDOWNS, FORTY FIVE ROUNDS!**



When the fighters fall heavily to the ground in the forty-sixth round, Kilrain's seconds claim a foul. Their man is weakening.



Thirty more knock-downs! It is the end of seventy-sixth round. Kilrain is battered, but still able to get up from the savage blows of the mighty John L. To save him, his seconds toss in the sponge.

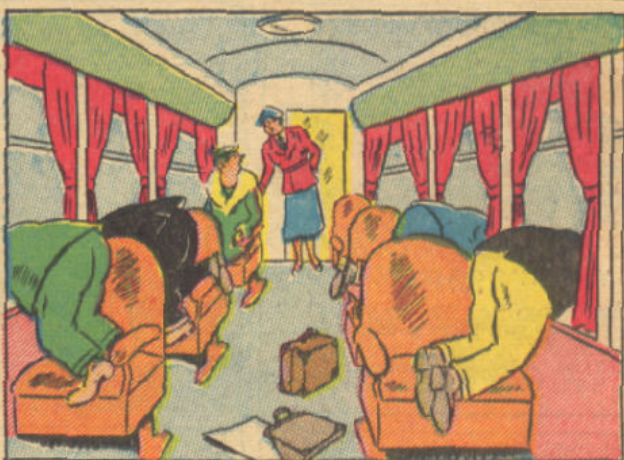


To many men, the greatest prizefighter who ever lived—John L. Sullivan—who could whip any opponent but booze. Later, Sullivan became famous as an advocate of non-drinking.

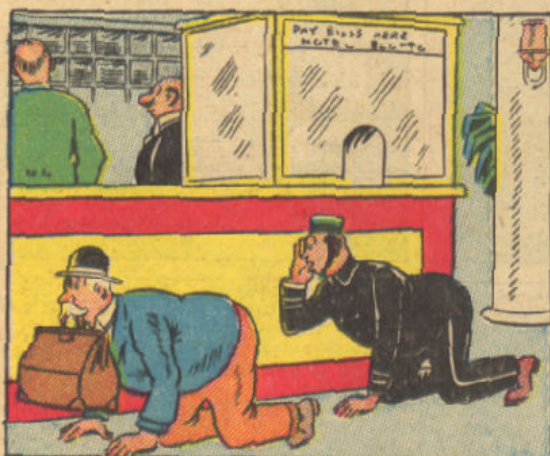


# OFF THE RECORD

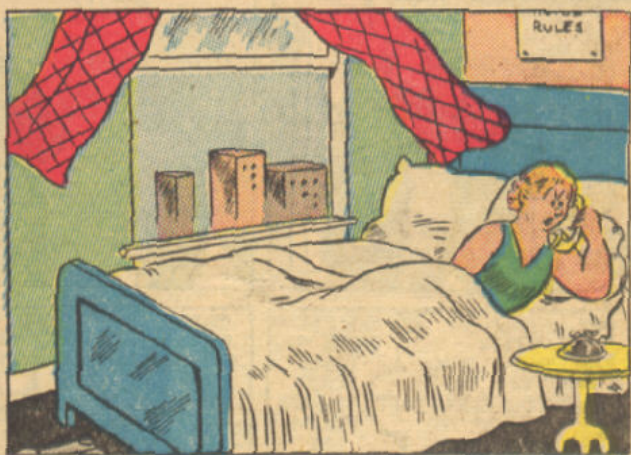
by  
Ed. Reed



"NO, THEY'RE NOT SICK--- WE'RE PASSING OVER A NUDIST COLONY!"



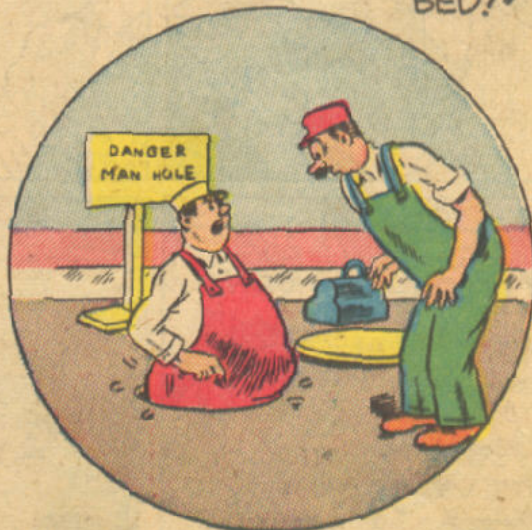
"PSST--- CARRY YOUR BAG, MR. WINTERBOTTOM?"



"I SAID MY HUSBAND JUST GOT UP ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE BED!"



"I'M DE END MAN OF DIS MINSTREL SHOW AND WE ALL COULDN'T GIT IN!"



"I CAN'T GET BACK TO WORK, I ATE TOO MUCH LUNCH!"



# JIM SWIFT

BY ED CRONIN

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE---

WHEN TWO SAILOR-MEMBERS OF HIS RESCUED PARTY DISAPPEAR JIM SWIFT BEGINS AN INVESTIGATION. A THREATENING NOTE IS THEN SENT HIM WARNING HIM TO STOP--

NO DOUBT THE PARTY RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR SAILORS BEING MISSING ALSO SENT THIS NICE LITTLE NOTE. IF THEY THINK THEY CAN FRIGHTEN ME OFF THEN THEY DON'T KNOW ME!!

HEY JIM - LOOK!! HERE COMES THE OLD MAN WE'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR! HE OUGHTA KNOW SOMETHIN' ABOUT THOSE MISSIN' MEN!!

WALKING SLOWLY ALONG THE DECK IS THE MYSTERIOUS BEARDED MAN WHO WAS LAST SEEN TALKING TO THE MISSING-SAILORS.

SAY-- I BEG YOUR PARDON MISTER--- I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU FOR A MOMENT----

YES-- YES--

AN INCIDENT WHICH OCCURED OF LATE MADE NECESSARY OUR CHECKING OF THE PASSENGER LIST-- MAY I HAVE YOUR NAME?

HA-- HA!!

DON'T LEAVE SO FAST MISTER-- WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU TOO LONG!! YOU SHOULDN'T MIND TELLING ME YOUR NAME AND CABIN NUMBER!!

SIR!! HOW DARE YOU TAKE YOUR HANDS FROM ME INSTANTLY!

OH-- THOSE EYES--- DON'T STARE AT ME LIKE THAT!! I-- I'M SORRY MISTER--

HA-HA!!-- NOW-- YOU DON'T WISH TO ASK ME ANY MORE QUESTIONS-- DO YOU YOUNG MAN?

WELL-- YOU WERE THE LAST PERSON SEEN TALKING TO THOSE MEN BEFORE THEY DISAPPEARED--

WHAT OF IT? DOES THAT PROVE ANYTHING??

W-WHAT-- ???

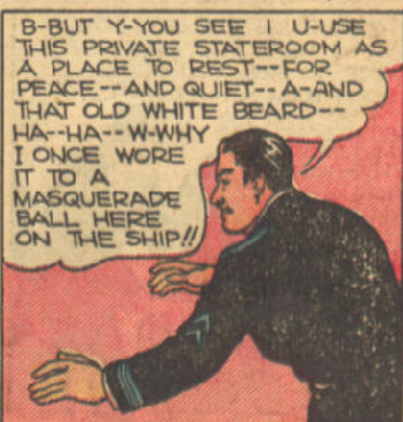
THE FOG-HORN!!

WOOD  
WWOOD  
OOOM

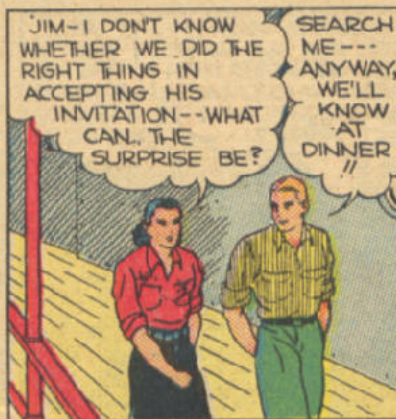
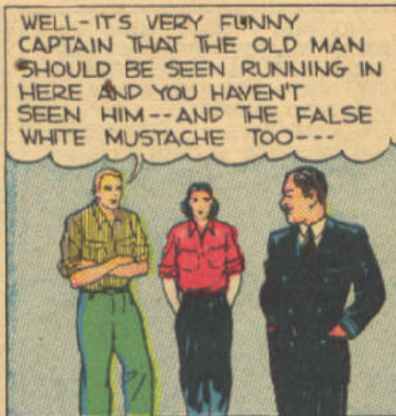
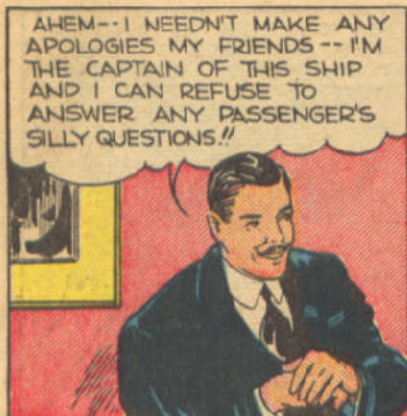
AS THE SHIP RUNS INTO A HEAVY FOG- THE FOG HORN CRIES IT'S WARNING.

NOW GENTLEMEN-- EVERY TIME THAT FOG-HORN BLOWS I CAN KILL ONE OF YOU WITHOUT ANYONE HEARING- THE SHOTS-- SO YOU SEE HOW EASY IT WOULD BE---

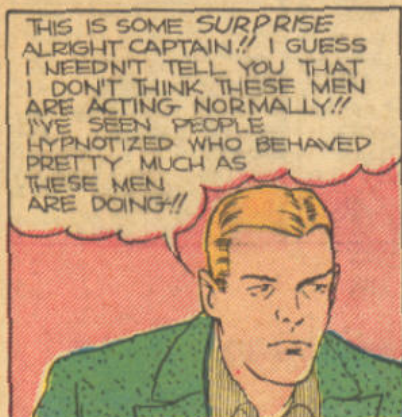














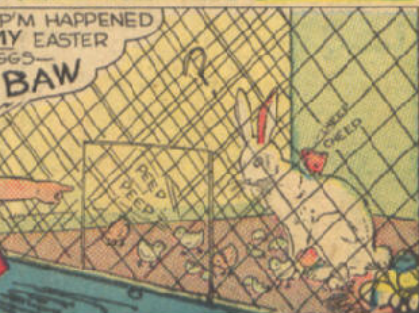
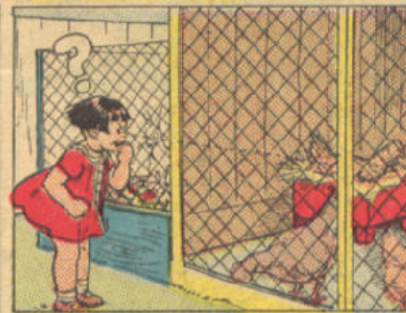
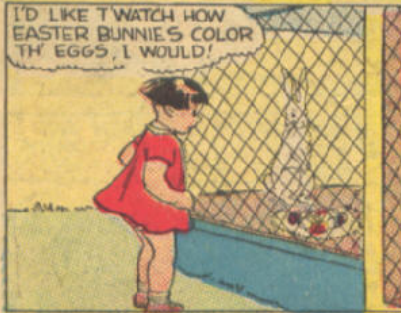
**GOOD  
DAD  
DIT**



## DIXIE DUGAN

©1957 McEVOY & STRIEBEL, INC.

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL



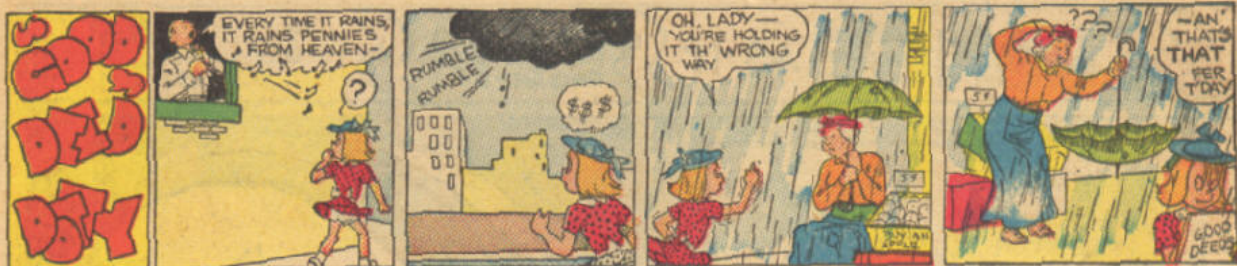








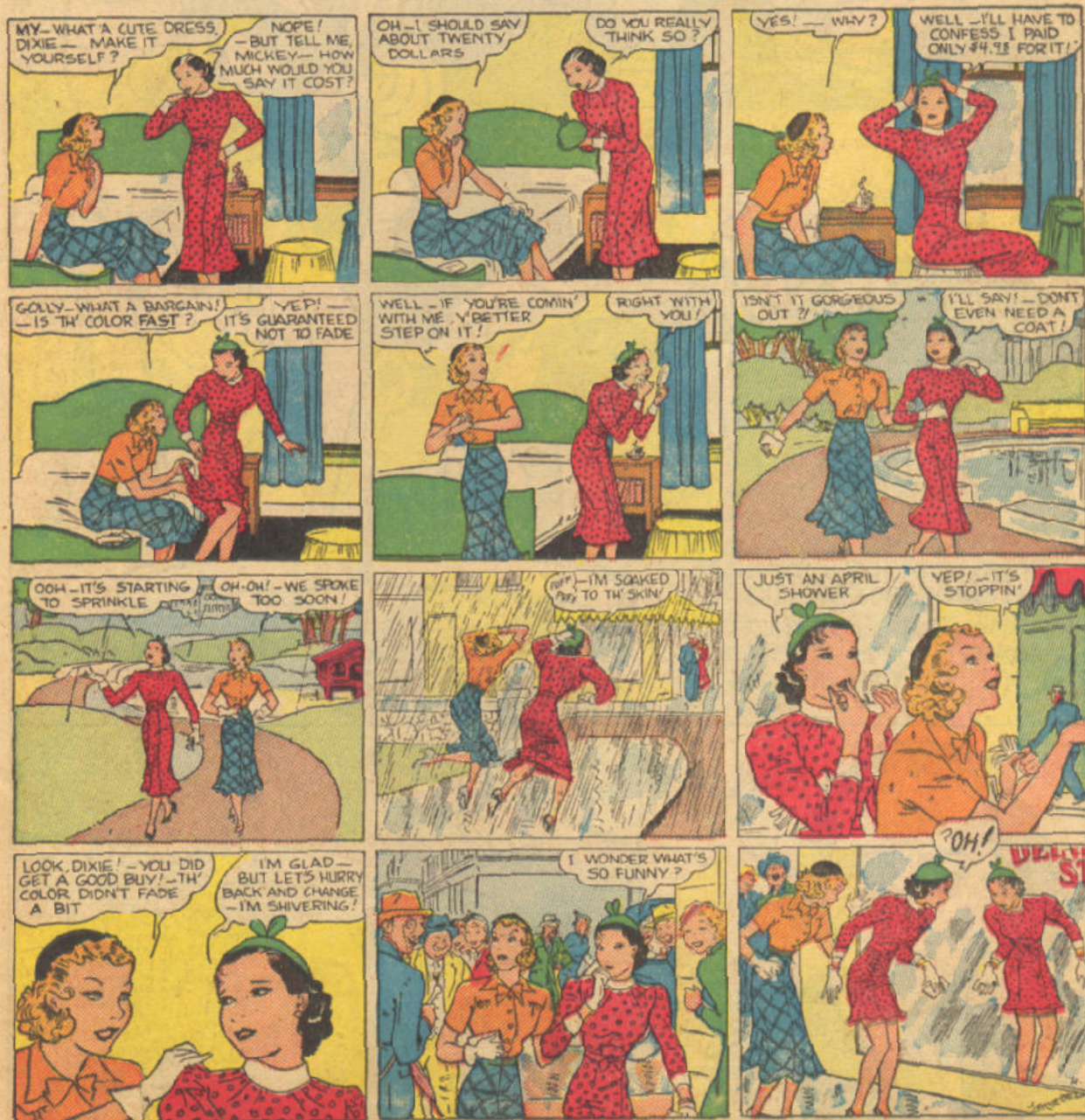




## DIXIE DUGAN

© 1935, REYNOLDS & REYNOLDS, INC.

By J. P. McEVoy and J. H. STRIEBEL



More of Dixie Dugan in the April issue of FEATURE FUNNIES—On sale March 2nd



# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS by JOHN HIX

POLE-CAT CURE...  
THE SKIN OF A CAT  
IS WORN ON  
THE CHEST AS A CURE  
FOR CONSUMPTION  
IN POLAND



QUININE WAS WORTH  
ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD  
IN 1850...  
IT SOLD FOR  
\$20 AN  
OUNCE!



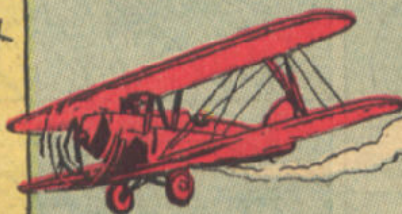
## PROFESSOR OF POISON!

CONDEMNED TO DIE, THE ANCIENT  
ROMAN MURDERESS, LOCUSTA, WAS FREED  
BY COMMAND OF NERO AND COMMISSIONED  
TO PRACTICE MURDER FOR THE STATE,  
A JOB IN WHICH SHE POISONED  
CLAUDIUS AND BRITANNICUS...

IN HER SPARE TIME SHE CONDUCTED  
CLASSES IN POISONING... SO HER  
ART WOULD NOT BE LOST...



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN -  
RENOWNED DANISH AUTHOR OF FAIRY TALES.  
DISLIKED CHILDREN AND  
CHILDREN DID NOT  
LIKE HIM...



SKYWRITERS  
NEVER WRITE MORE  
THAN ONE LETTER  
AT THE SAME ALTITUDE...

EACH ONE IS WRITTEN  
50 FEET HIGHER THAN THE  
LAST TO PREVENT THE  
PROPELLOR "WASH" FROM  
"ERASING" IT...



# NIPPIE

-HE'S OFTEN  
WRONG!!

GEE-NIPPIE-  
YOU'RE LIABLE  
T'GET HURT GOIN'  
DOWN LIKE THAT!

G'WAN-  
I WILL NOT.  
GIMME  
A PUSH!!

VIP-EEEE

CLANG!

## MICKEY FINN

© 1938 McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

By LANK LEONARD

WHY JACKIE CLARK-  
WHAT'CHA DOIN' HERE  
IN THE PARK?  
AND WITH YOUR  
TOOL CHEST TOO!!

ME DONNA  
TUT DOWN  
TERRY  
TWEET!!

MY MY- A HATCHET  
AND A SAW AND  
EVERYTHING!!  
WELL, I THINK YOU'D  
BETTER WAIT'LL  
SOME OTHER DAY  
TO DO IT- YOUR MOM'LL  
THINK YOU'RE  
LOST.

OTAY!

GEE, I'D FORGOT IT WAS  
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY  
TOMORROW- I  
GUESS THAT STORY  
ABOUT THE CHERRY  
TREE WILL LIVE  
FOREVER!

THAT'S THE ONE UP  
THERE JIM- THE BOSS  
AND ME MARKED IT  
LAST WEEK!

WHERE DID  
THIS DUTCH  
ELM DISEASE  
COME FROM  
BILL?

SEARCH ME!  
ALL I KNOW  
IS WE'RE  
CUTTING  
DOWN THOSE  
THAT HAVE  
IT!!

LOOK OUT-  
SHE'S  
GOIN'!!

I THOUGHT  
WE'D HAFTA  
CUT IT UP  
TOO!!

THE OTHER CREW  
WILL DO THAT  
LATER- THEY'RE  
GIVIN' THE WOOD  
T' THE POOR.

OFFICER FINN,  
HAVE YOU SEEN  
MY JACKIE?  
ONE OF THE  
CHILDREN SAID  
HE CAME OVER  
TOWARD THE  
PARK.

WHY- I SENT  
HIM HOME  
AN HOUR AGO.  
IT WAS FUNNY,  
HE WAS LOOKIN'  
FOR A CHERRY  
TREE T' CUT DOWN.

OH-- I FEEL  
RELIEVED!!  
I-I HOPE  
HE DIDN'T  
DO ANY  
DAMAGE!!

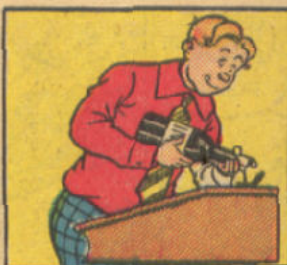
GOLLY-  
COULDN'T  
HARM W  
LITTLE T  
O

?

GOSH!!

THUMP!  
THUMP!





## MICKEY FINN

© 1937 W. W. Norton & Co. Inc.

By LANK LEONARD

